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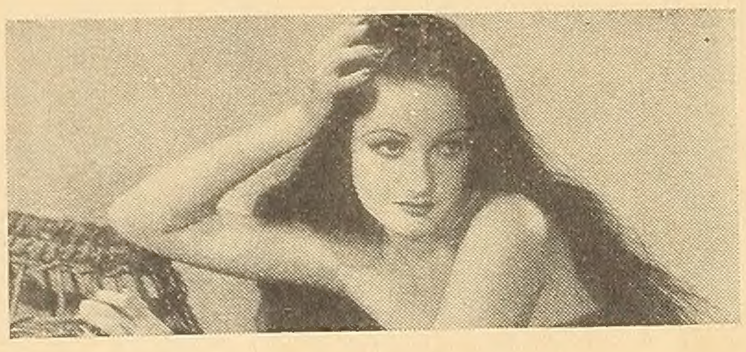
The Opening Chorus

THE LETTER FROM LIZA

DEAR ED:

My Honolulu Mata Haris (*not to be confused with the horrors I know*) report to me that the biggest excitement Hawaii has had in years was the day Dorothy Lamour lost her bra while out surf board riding off Waikiki Beach. Dorothy with a sarong is no longer news, but Dorothy without a bra is news indeed. No wonder Honolulu dished it over their teacups for days.

I lunched with Dorothy at the Brown Derby the other day—my, my, what a wonderful sun tan she brought back from the Islands—and could hardly wait to ask her about the bra incident. "Yes, it happened," she said, blushing as well as she could under all that tan, "and was I embarrassed! You see I went out to take my surf board lesson wearing a bra and shorts, and I took the straps down so I could get a good even tan on my shoulders without any white stripes. All of a sudden, up from nowhere, came a wave as big as all outdoors. It knocked me breathless and when I came to I discovered that it had completely washed away the top of my bathing suit. Fortunately, I had a robe on the beach."



Dorothy Lamour

The next day when Dorothy came down to Waikiki Beach to learn to paddle one of those South Sea Island outriggers practically the entire Pacific Fleet (*they're no fools*) found some excuse or other for strolling up and down the beach with telescopes and other far-seeing gadgets. But Dorothy was all prepared, straps and everything, for a big wave that day. None came. In fact, she was so busy looking for a huge wave on the horizon that she forgot all about the little ripples and suddenly looked down to see the outrigger filled with water and herself practically drowned. She was making a frantic effort to bail out when a goodly percent of the Navy took to the sea and brought her safely to shore. One young man in particular will probably grow up to be a reporter instead of an Admiral as he gave an interview to the newspaper that evening that he, personally, and bravely, had saved Dorothy Lamour's life.

Dorothy says she can hardly wait to go back to Honolulu, and expects to take the Clipper as soon as she finishes her next picture. But not because of the Navy (*and not to find that lost bra*)—but because of the Army, and a certain young officer named Ralph.

Liza

CONTENTS

STORIES AND ARTICLES — PAGE

JOAN'S OWN WAY TO SNAG A MAN! JOHN R. FRANCHEY 22
Joan Crawford offers rare words of wisdom as Leap Year is almost over

THE WILD OATS OF DENNIS MORGAN GLADYS HALL 24
The new sensation at Warners certainly has been around and knows his women

DON'T GET THOSE POWELLS WRONG! ELIZABETH WILSON 26
There's a good reason for the marital happiness of Joan Blondell and Dick Powell

VIRTUE IS STILL ITS OWN REWARD ED SULLIVAN 34
Siren roles drove Myrna Loy out of pictures, but "perfect wife" roles brought her back stronger than ever

IT'S TRUE ABOUT HOLLYWOOD! BEN MADDOX 36
Strange things are forever happening in filmdom

ABSENT-MINDED EDDIE EVERETTA LOVE 38
All of which may have something to do with Eddie Albert's many romances

BETTY GRABLE MAKES GOOD—AGAIN WILLIAM LYNCH VALLEE 40
Broadway re-discovered her for Hollywood

NOW I UNDERSTAND MIRIAM HOPKINS BOB WILLIAM 42
Clearing up misapprehensions about the fiery Southern star

THEIR WORLD OF TOMORROW ELIZABETH BENNECHE PETERSON 44
A World's Fair guide accepted a Hollywood contract and then life and romance suddenly went topsy-turvy

MONTHLY FEATURES

THE OPENING CHORUS 4
A confidential report from Liza

HOLLYWOOD EARFULS 6
Current whisperings about the doings of your favorites

TIPS ON PICTURES 8
Brief reviews on the pictures to see and the ones to miss

CHECKING ON THEIR COMMENTS FREDERICK JAMES SMITH 12
The stars don't always mean what they say in interviews

EYE APPEAL MARY LEE 14
A most important part of sex appeal

TOPICS FOR GOSSIP 19
Latest news and photos of Hollywood's social whirl

EASY TO DUPLICATE 46
Virginia Bruce and Ann Sothern in easily copied styles

WE POINT WITH PRIDE 50
To Gail Patrick

REVIEWS 52
West Coast reports on the latest pictures

PICTURES ON THE FIRE! DICK MOOK 56
Watching them make important forthcoming pictures

SPECIAL FEATURES

LONG AND SHORT OF IT! 51
Bob Stack and Phyllis Ruth strut their stuff

A BALL OF FIRE! 54
Pictorially presenting the torrid hula Lucille Ball does in "Dance, Girl, Dance"

ART GALLERY

HEDY LAMARR 28
HELEN VINSON 29
MURIEL ANGELUS 30
GEORGE SANDERS 31
ANNE SHIRLEY 32
BOB HOPE 33

COVER PORTRAIT OF ANN SHERIDAN BY MARLAND STONE

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CESAR (*Butch*) ROMERO recently has moved into his first Hollywood house, and his friends George and Julie Murphy decided that such an event called for a celebration. So they gave Cesar a kitchen shower. Up to his ears in garbage cans, Cesar was really a sight to behold. As he unwrapped various kitchen utensils, he would shout joyously, "Just what I wanted! How *did* you guess! What is it?"

Ann Sothern presented him with an electric toaster and before Cesar had time to exclaim she exclaimed for him. "Isn't it wondy," said Ann, "Don't you just *love* it!"

One of Adrian's friends reports a conversation he had with Metro's famous couturier the other day. "Yes," said Adrian over the phone, "Janet looks wonderful. With the clothes that I have designed for her, you would never know that she's carrying a baby. Er— wait a minute, Janet wants to say something. Hello, are you still there? Janet only wanted to say, 'That's what you *think.'" So there you have it.*

Hollywood Earfuls

Intimate chatter about the activities of the stars at and away from their studios

Billy Rose offered Ann Sheridan $100,000 to wear a bathing suit at the San Francisco Aquacade, but she rejected the offer, saying, "I don't feel inclined, so that's that."

The home that Deanna Durbin and Vaughn Paul are supposed to be building in Bel-Air is entirely without foundation, literally. Despite all stories to the contrary, Deanna insists that she and Vaughn are not building a house, and have no immediate marriage plans. It is true that Vaughn owns the reported piece of land, which was purchased for him by his mother long before he met Deanna. But there is no construction on the property, and according to Deanna and Vaughn, there are no plans for construction. They are not even officially engaged, they insist, though practically every columnist has had them married.

Barbara Stanwyck isn't different from a great many stars in her admiration for the acting of Spencer Tracy, but characteristically, she comes right out and minces no words on exactly how she feels. "I'd even have played an Indian to have been in his 'Northwest Passage'," she says. Incidentally, Barbara is one of the few stars who lays claim to no collection hobbies—no intricate and expensive varieties of dresden, jade, stamps, or fans. "The only things," she says, "I've ever collected are bad notices. I've kept them around to remind me of my mistakes."

A group of dog fanciers were boasting
[*Continued on page* 17]



Roz Russell and Cary Grant harmonize at Ciro's.





Right: Ann Sheridan, the Ralph Forbes *(Heather Angel)* and George Brent leaving Ciro's. Ralph and George are both former husbands of Ruth Chatterton.

Above: The Charles Laughtons couldn't get seats at the crowded Newhall-Saugus rodeo. *Below*: W. C. Fields and nose at "My Favorite Wife" press preview.

Lunch for Paulette Goddard and Bob Hope.

If you're a qhost then I want to be haunted!

The two stars of "The Cat and the Canary" find love and laughter in a haunted house!

BOB HOPE

PAULETTE GODDARD in

"THE GHOST BREAKERS"

A Paramount Picture with

RICHARD CARLSON · PAUL LUKAS

ANTHONY QUINN · WILLIE BEST

Directed by GEORGE MARSHALL • Screen Play by Walter DeLeon • Based on a Play by Paul Dickey and Charles W. Goddard







PAULETTE SETS BOB'S HEART A-DANCING WITH SOME VERY UN-GHOSTLIKE ROMANCING!

Tips on Pictures

The ones to see and the ones to miss!

ALIAS THE DEACON *(Universal)*—Bob Burns is starred as the card shark who poses as a deacon. The story has been done before on the screen, but never quite as effectively. Bob is surrounded by a group of talented players, the foremost being Mischa Auer, Edward Brophy, Dennis O'Keefe, Guinn Williams, Peggy Moran and Jack Carson. Try not to miss this one. It has laughs galore.

AN ANGEL FROM TEXAS *(Warners)*—This used to be called "The Butter and Egg Man" some years ago, but it's got a new coat of paint and looks just as new as ever. Eddie Albert is the main attraction, being a lad from Texas who comes to New York to buy a hotel and instead invests in a show which hasn't much chance, just so long as his girl, Rosemary Lane, can be starred. Surprisingly enough, it turns out to be a hit.

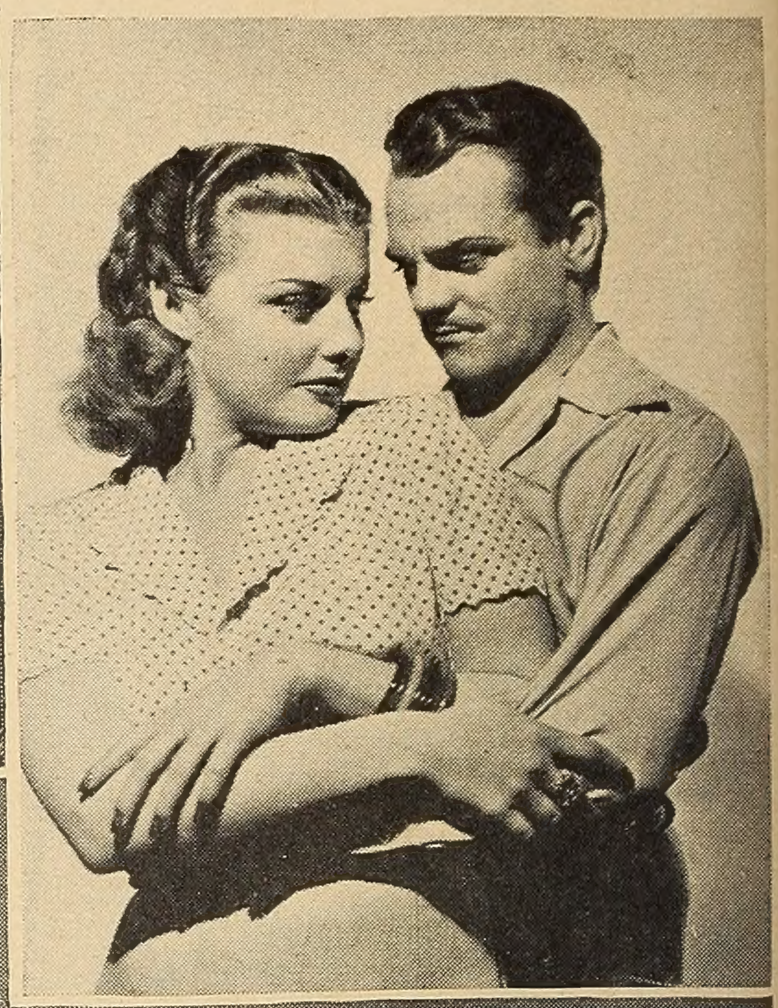
DOUBLE ALIBI *(Universal)*—If you guessed this to be another murder mystery melodrama you were perfectly correct. And it's not a bad one, either, because the usual routine has been altered and there are several unexpected twists. The leading players are Wayne Morris, Margaret Lindsay and William Gargan.

DOWN WENT McGINTY *(Paramount)*—A hard-to-accept story of a hard-boiled Irishman, played by Brian Donlevy, who, through the efforts of a racketeer-politician, Akim Tamiroff, rises from a lowly bum to be a governor of a state. Donlevy and Tamiroff are well chosen. Muriel Angelus, as McGinty's wife, has the feminine lead. It's an entertaining film, starting strongly, but becoming quite implausible in its final reels.

EDISON, THE MAN *(M-G-M)*—It will take a mighty miraculous performance to top that of Spencer Tracy's in the title role of "Edison, the Man." Or to come smack to the point, he has turned in another Academy Award performance. The entire production, in all its departments, merits unsparing superlatives. "Edison, the Man" gives you everything a good movie should and then some!

Left: **Vivien Leigh and Robert Taylor in "Waterloo Bridge."** ***Below:*** **Ann Sheridan and Jimmy Cagney in "Torrid Zone."** ***Bottom:*** **Zorina and Richard Greene in "I Was An Adventuress" an amusing film.**











Martha Scott and William Holden as the young lovers in "Our Town," of which Hollywood may be proud.

FLIGHT ANGELS *(Warners)*—The title is a bit misleading because, although many airline hostesses make their appearance, it's really a story about a commercial pilot, effectively played by Dennis Morgan, who helps design a stratosphere plane. Virginia Bruce, as one of the stewardesses, plays opposite Dennis. He gives further evidence of being a potential star. Wayne Morris, Jane Wyman and Ralph Bellamy have important assignments.

IF I HAD MY WAY *(Universal)*—If you go to see this simply to hear Bing Crosby and Gloria Jean (*its co-stars*) sing, you won't be disappointed. But for any other reasons, you undoubtedly will be, because as a movie it doesn't measure up to Bing's "Road to Singapore," nor Gloria's "The Under-pup," sorry to say.

I WAS AN ADVENTURESS *(20th Century-Fox)*—A familiar plot about jewel thieves threatening blackmail when one of them decides to go straight and marry. Nevertheless, it fails to destroy the entertainment value of this well-directed melodrama which features Zorina, Richard Greene, Eric von Stroheim and Peter Lorre. Zorina does but one ballet number, giving the rest of her time to dramatics.

LA CONGA NIGHTS *(Universal)*—The most amusing part of this silly-dilly musical comedy is that Hugh Herbert portrays six different roles. The setting is a boarding house in New York's Spanish section. When the roomers can't pay their rent they turn it into a night club to make money. Dennis O'Keefe and Constance Moore supply the romance.

LILLIAN RUSSELL *(20th Century-Fox)*—Darryl Zanuck has done it again in bringing to the screen the life story of the theatre's most famous beauty. Alice Faye is magnificent in the title role and, although for the most part the film is lavishly spectacular, she has many tensely dramatic scenes, all of which she plays convincingly. Don Ameche, Edward Arnold, Henry Fonda, Warren William, Leo Carrillo and a whole host of favorites give brilliant support.

MY FAVORITE WIFE *(RKO)*—A smash-hit comedy with Irene Dunne, Cary Grant, Gail Patrick and Randolph Scott heading a brilliant cast of performers, including Granville Bates, as a judge, who

More Women prefer Mum—

Saves Time . . . Clothes . . . Charm!



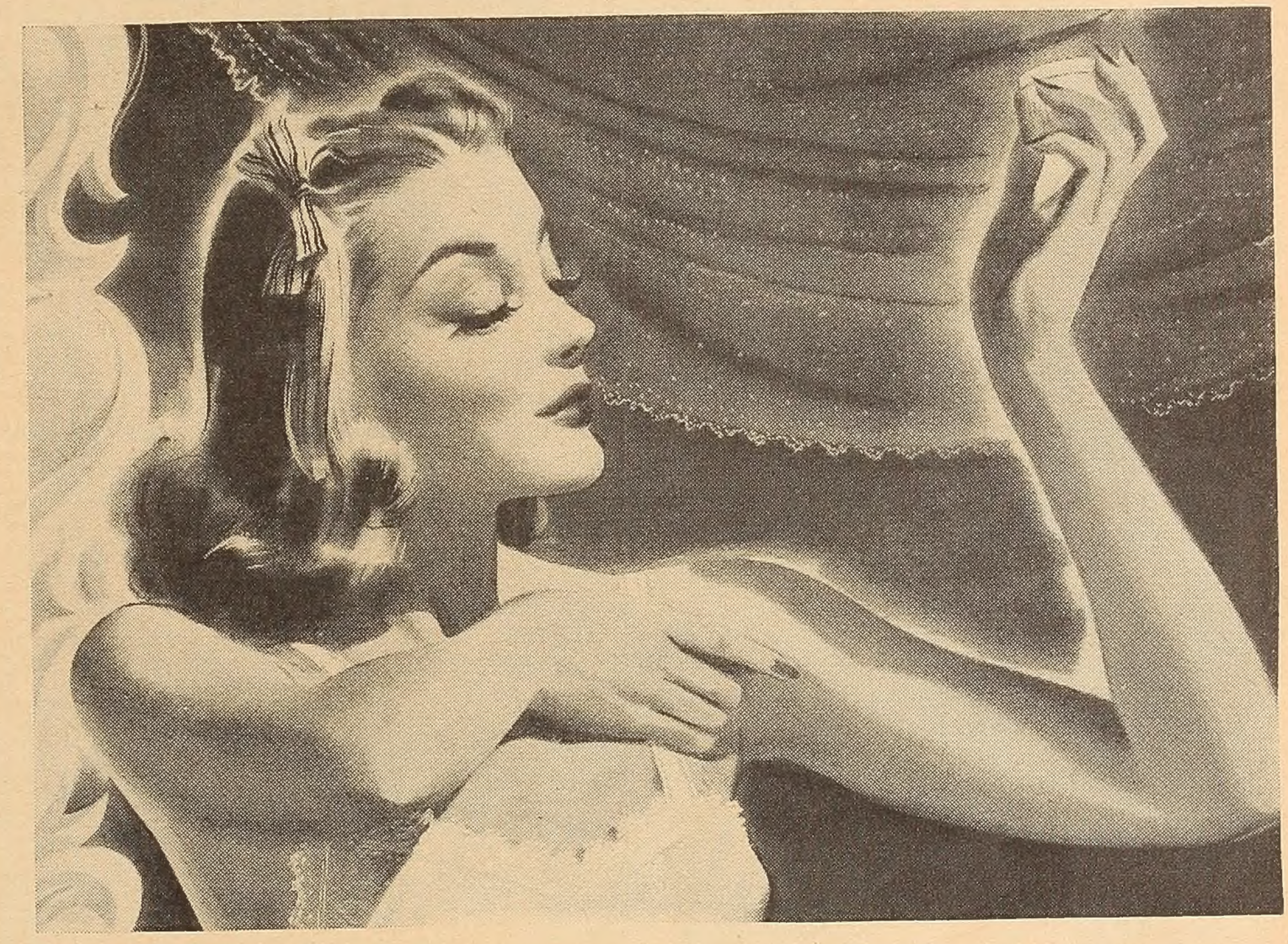
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QUICK! Mum takes only 30 seconds—can be used before or *after* you're dressed.

SAFE! Mum has the American Institute of Laundering Seal as being harmless to any kind of fabric. *So safe* that it can be used even after underarm shaving!

SURE! If you want to be popular—make a *daily* habit of Mum. Get Mum at your druggist's today. Long after your bath has ceased to be effective, Mum will go right on guarding your charm!

* * *

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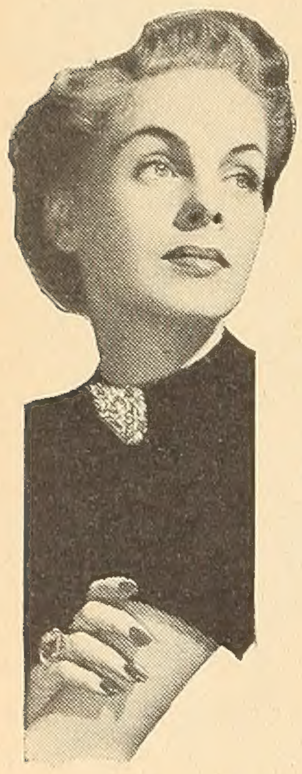
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Bette Davis and Bob Taplinger, Warner Brothers publicity chief, are a constant twosome and it has been whispered about that the two may have been married during their recent vacation together in romantic Honolulu.

gets the heartiest laughs in the picture. Thinking Irene, his wife, dead, Cary takes Gail to the altar. When Irene turns up alive, after a sojourn on a deserted isle with Randy Scott, the fun really starts and there's no let-up until all is finally satisfactorily settled in the final fade-out.

OUR TOWN *(Sol Lesser)* — The Pulitzer Prize stage play has been adapted expertly for the screen, with two major changes, namely, that it is played with scenery and the ending is a happy one. If anything, the changes are an improvement. The story is a simple one of simple people leading simple lives in a small New Hampshire town. The presentation of the story is quite different from any you've yet seen, but you'll like the new technique.

SANDY IS A LADY *(Universal)*—Baby Sandy does a lot of perilous walking along sky-high girders, the way bespectacled Harold Lloyd used to give you the creeps, which means your heart is in for a lot of sudden stops and starts. An unfailing cast of comedians supports Baby Sandy, including Mischa Auer, Billy Gilbert, Edgar Kennedy, Eugene Pallette and Fritz Feld. All of which guarantees an extremely merry time of it at this film.

SKI PATROL *(Universal)*—Having to do with the recent Finnish-Russian war, this timely, well-conceived film shows that truth is more interesting and unbelievable than fiction. It is another indictment against war and the splendid cast, headed by Philip Dorn, Luli Deste, Stanley Fields and Samuel S. Hinds forcefully drive home the message.

THE MAN WITH NINE LIVES *(Columbia)*—A weird sort of a yarn, with Boris Karloff, concerning the freezing method as a cure for cancer and other ailments. It's believably done, with Roger Pryor turning in an excellent performance as a young doctor, following in the footsteps of Dr. Karloff who first started the freezing experiments. Incidentally, Karloff is not a bogey man, for a change.

THE WAY OF ALL FLESH *(Paramount)*—Again Akim Tamiroff steps forward and this time in the role of the unfortunate and lovable bank treasurer, made famous some years ago in a silent film of the same name by Emil Jannings. We have come to expect variety and perfection in the roles Akim Tamiroff portrays, and in this film our expectations are abundantly fulfilled. Muriel Angelus plays the part of the girl who leads him astray when he goes to New York entrusted with $100,000 worth of securities. Gladys George is his wife. If you have tears, prepare to shed them.

THOSE WERE THE DAYS *(Paramount)*—A college comedy of the Gay Nineties era with comic Ezra Stone, from the Broadway stage, grabbing all of the honors, despite formidable performances by William Holden and Bonita Granville, who's no longer a brat of a kid, by the way, but an attractive young miss. Don't think it's just another one of those silly college pictures, because it isn't.

TORRID ZONE *(Warners)* — With



Adolphe Menjou and his wife, Verree Teasdale, dining at the Vine Street Brown Derby, a cozy rendezvous.

James Cagney, Ann Sheridan, Pat O'Brien and Andy Devine in the same picture, it can't miss being a box-office success, regardless of its shortcomings. The story and dialogue, of themselves, aren't too good, but they do give the players a marvelous chance to disport themselves in characteristic fashion.

TURNABOUT *(Hal Roach)*—You can't help but be amused by seeing a man and wife change places and that's the idea behind this comedy taken from the well-remembered Thorne Smith novel. Naturally, the dialogue and certain sequences are strictly for adult audiences. Carole Landis and John Hubbard, as the young couple who change places, are wisely chosen.

20 MULE TEAM *(M-G-M)*—Wallace Beery is perfectly at home in the role of the toughest mule skinner in the borax industry in Death Valley. Interesting to note is the appearance of his brother's son, Noah, Jr., as the male romantic lead. Marjorie Rambeau, Leo Carrillo, Douglas Fowley and Anne Baxter have the other leading roles.

TYPHOON *(Paramount)*—A feast for the eyes is this beautiful Technicolor film of the South Seas, co-starring Dorothy Lamour and Robert Preston. Bob and Lynne Overman go to the South Seas in an old, broken-down submarine for the purpose of pocketing a flock of pearls. They run into all sorts of trouble, including a typhoon, but they also run into Dorothy Lamour, back in her sarong again, and that more than evens things up.



Joe Penner assists Martha Raye with her sandals just before a comedy scene for "The Boys From Syracuse," the farce comedy based on the stage play of the same name. Allan Jones and his wife, Irene Hervey, are also featured.

WATERLOO BRIDGE *(M-G-M)*—This, most emphatically, is one of the pictures not to miss. It co-stars Robert Taylor and Vivien Leigh in a remake of the tragic Robert Sherwood story of an English officer and a dancer, but several changes have been made in the script for its betterment. Vivien Leigh is as effective as she was as Scarlett, which is unbounded tribute. Furthermore, Robert Taylor never did as fine a job.

YOU CAN'T FOOL YOUR WIFE *(RKO)*—You'll get many a hearty laugh out of this comedy about a couple, married five years, and starting to find life pretty dull. James Ellison and Lucille Ball are the couple and neither has ever been more satisfactory. Emma Dunn is excellent as the mother-in-law, as is Robert Coote as an Englishman who unconsciously starts quite a bit of trouble. It's smartly written.



Checking On Their Comments

By Frederick James Smith

Stars often make statements with a tongue in the cheek, so let's read between the lines

ROBERT TAYLOR has just accomplished a very neat return to popular favor in "Waterloo Bridge." The faults in the past have not been entirely Bob's, but centered in the sort of colorless roles that fell his way in rapid succession. I asked Taylor how he felt about it. Said Bob:

"There are approximately a hundred stars in Hollywood who average three pictures per year. That means that three hundred stories must be found for them. It stands to reason that there aren't that many outstanding stories, and the competition for the really good vehicles is becoming keener and keener.

"The outstanding, lasting romantic stories of films you can count on one hand—'Camille,' 'Smilin' Through,' 'Farewell to Arms,' 'Seventh Heaven'—and for some reason it seems more difficult to find an outstanding romantic part than any other type. After all, there can't be an indefinite number of variations to the boy meets girl theme.

"I know that there has been and still is an argument that an actor is not a good judge of story values, that he reads a story purely from the point of view of whether it affords himself a fat part. That's true, you have to read a story from your own point of view, but I don't agree that all actors are poor judges of story material. In my own case it has worked out fifty-fifty.

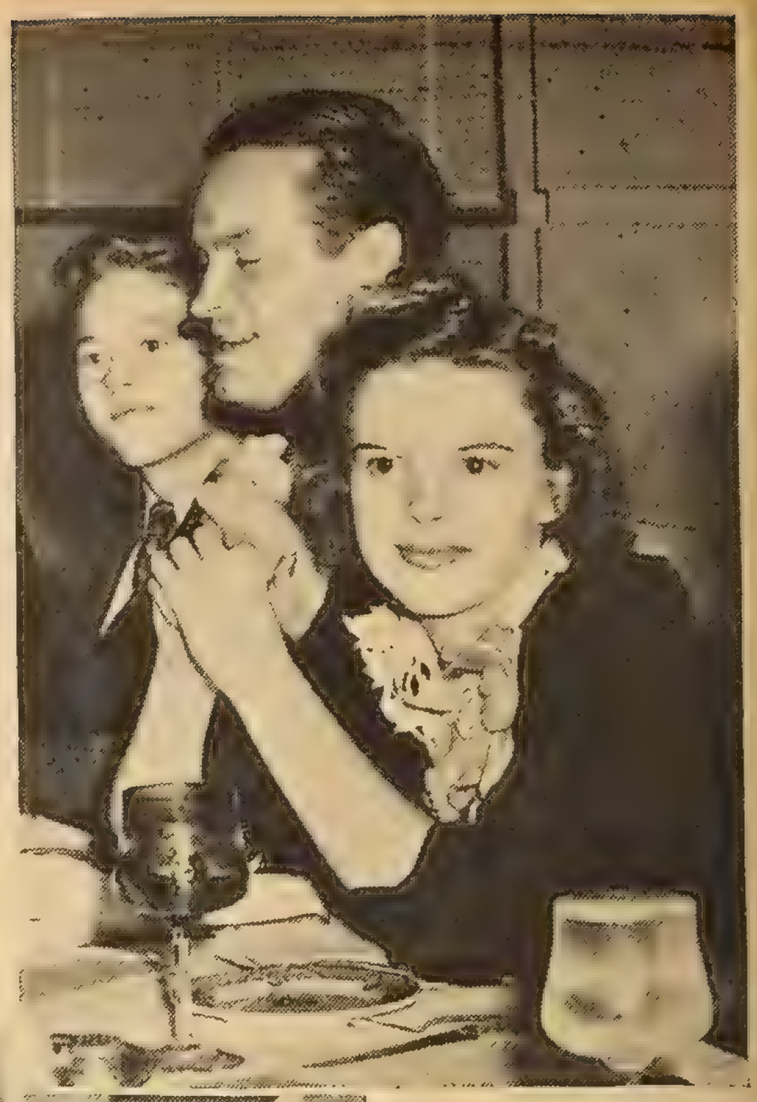
"I wanted to do 'Waterloo Bridge,' because I knew that the Sherwood play was a fine piece of work. But I did not feel certain in advance that the picture might be a hit. We started work with only sixty pages of script and that isn't enough to judge by. When we were half way through I began to get the feeling that the picture had real possibilities, that I was getting a part into which I could sink my teeth. But right up to the preview night I had the jitters, I'll admit, still thinking I might be wrong.

"The two elements I believe essential to any role I play are romance and action. But that's almost a platitude. It can hold true of almost any star. If you can add to that a well rounded, believable characterization, whose problems are understandable and strike a responsive note, who gets in and pitches, then you've got something to start working on.

"As to whether it's any more difficult for a male star to find suitable stories than it is for a feminine star—I think it's a toss up."

Taylor thinks he has another good role in Mark Preysing of "Escape," his next film. Let's hope so. Bob is a boy who was almost destroyed by one stroke of bad publicity, that he-man exploitation that backfired. But I don't agree with him that actors know a good role. If they did, ninety per cent of them would be on strike in Hollywood or walking up and down with placards bearing the phrase, THIS STUDIO IS UNFAIR TO ORGANIZED INTELLIGENCE.

NOW that Shirley Temple is retiring, at least temporarily, to grow up, Jane Withers probably will get a better break at 20th Century-Fox. Jane has made





Above: Judy Garland, pictured with Mickey Rooney and Bob Hope, has this to say, "I really believe it is easier for a boy to achieve his ambition in pictures than it is for a girl." *Left:* Shirley Temple, with Jack Oakie and Charlotte Greenwood in a scene from "Young People," her final picture for 20th Century-Fox. This means a better break for Jane Withers *below* who says, "When I grow up I want to be in pictures. It's fun."

her way at the Darryl Zanuck film factory under the eternal eclipse of little Shirley. Jane really likes to act in films, for she says—

"When I grow up I'd like to be a good actress. I don't mean a famous one, especially, although that would be fine. If I can't be an actress I'd like to be able to do something else that has to do with the making of motion pictures. Everybody who acts in pictures or directs them or photographs them or writes them or has anything else to do with studios would rather be doing this kind of work than anything else. I guess the reason is that no matter how long the day or how difficult the things that have to be done, none of it seems like work. Each day brings something new and exciting.

"If the public tires of me as an actress, I'd like to be a writer of screen stories. I read all the scripts at our studio and many of my school compositions are efforts at scenarios. I know that being a good writer requires talent and lots of work. I'm willing to work, but whether I have or will be able to develop talent only time will tell.

"If I couldn't act or write I'd like to design sets or costumes or be a script girl. I don't think I'd ever be a good director. I think that's men's work. When I grow up I want to be in pictures. It's fun."

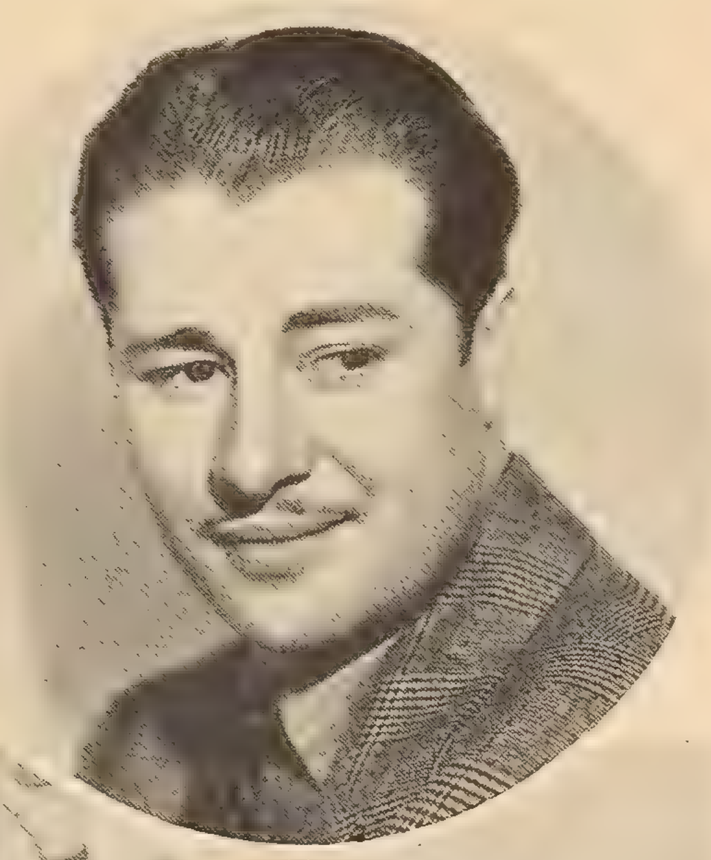
Jane is playing safe with her dreams. Anything from stardom to script girl will be satisfactory, she opines, which is the height or maybe the breadth of dreaming. Honestly, Jane, a child star has it tougher than anyone growing up, unless it's the millions of little boys and girls who haven't money or anything at all to look back on. I can't work up a tear for a bitter, forgotten adolescence with three or four millions in the bank. But Jane has my good wishes in her eclipseless future.

SPEAKING of growing up, Judy Garland says boys have a cinch, while the going is tough for the gals. Judy speaks from the standpoint of five years in films and a stage career that started when she was at the mature age of three. Speaks Judy:

"I really believe it is easier for a boy to achieve his ambition in pictures than it is for a girl. For one thing, a boy doesn't have to worry about his looks. It doesn't matter if he is good looking or not. But a girl—oh, my! She not only has to worry about her features, photographically, anyway, but about her figure! I'm beginning to learn that French pastries, chocolate creams and fudge sundaes just don't go with stardom. Then it is easier for a boy to grow up, not only in real life, but on the screen. No one expects Mickey Rooney to stay as young as Andy Hardy, but just try to convince anyone that I can play almost grown-up heroines. Ann Rutherford agrees with me. That's one reason I was so pleased with my role in 'Babes in Arms.' In it I was a little girl, but a girl who was old enough to 'enjoy' a small heartbreak and one who had the courage to help a friend in need.

"In the long run, I guess, if one has talent, it doesn't really make a lot of difference whether you are a boy or a girl—but, then, we girls just don't have

[*Continued on page* 16]



Right: "Whether in radio or on the screen, the types of roles I like best are those which require the hardest work," states the ever busy, tireless Don Ameche. *Below:* Jack Benny, lined up with a few of the Abbott Dancers, explains, "I like both radio and pictures, but not the two together. It's too hard. After this I shall make my pictures when I'm not on the air."



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EYE APPEAL

By MARY LEE

"ONLY two points of the human visage can be changed at will and without plastic surgery," comments Perc Westmore. "These are the eyebrows and the mouth." Focal points of attraction, each. Responsive, each. They invite; they repel. All human emotions are mirrored in eyes and in mouth.

When you become tired of your appearance, when you long to look like somebody else, and when you feel that change is to be wrought alone through a brand new wardrobe that you simply can't afford with your summer vacation and week-ends, turn to these two points of your face and work your miracle of change here.

Suppose you take your mirror in hand and study your eyes. Balance and proportion are secrets of much facial beauty and appeal, especially before the black and white camera lens. This is one reason why so many apparently pretty girls make poor pictures. Youth and coloring give a beauty of their own, but when this is translated in cold black and white, balance and proportion alone remain and they can be a cruel criterion of what casually passes for beauty.

According to Mr. Westmore, the eyebrow should begin directly over the inner corner of the eye. If your brow begins too far in toward the nose, remove these little stragglers and clear that brow. Normally, this brow should end very slightly beyond the outer eye corner. Generally, the shape should follow the curve of your eye. The round eye calls for more arch than the long, narrow eye. Never let your brow end in a drooping line. Droopy brows give a tragic, unhappy expression, as does every droopy line of the face, and suggest age. Do not end the outer brow abruptly. Taper it with an eyebrow pencil.

Brows that are flat across the top give a masculine appearance. You can curve this line gently with a subtle stroke or two of your eyebrow pencil. A winged line, such as Marlene Dietrich made famous some years ago, gives a feeling of "unfinished business." Keep this line in normal harmony with your eye shape. The too highly arched brow makes the eye appear smaller and gives you a look of constant surprise. If the beginning of the line slants too suddenly up from the corner of the eye, it calls attention to your nose and increases its apparent size. The line arched abruptly at the beginning and slanted off toward the temple makes your eyes appear sad and questioning.

Study your own brows. Then, equipped with mirror (*a magnifying mirror is especially helpful*), tweezers and an eyebrow pencil, design the brow that fits your eyes. It will add immeasurably to the charm of your face. Perhaps you are familiar with Twissor, the scissor handle tweezers by Kurlash. They are so easy to handle, in fact, as easily handled as your own embroidery scissors. Formerly, they came in one style only, with gay colored handles. Now there is a new style of Twissor, Professional Twissor, as precise as a surgeon's instrument. Either style will do a fine brow-shaping job or remove that occasional silver thread that you may not like to see shining among your golden



Right: **Anna Neagle's blue eyes are gently accented. Blondes must be especially careful not to over-do eye make-up, or the effect is harsh and coarsening. Usually, brown or black mascara, brown pencil and appropriate shadow are their needs. Use a subtle touch.**

Below: **Marsha Hunt's eyes have a gypsy glance.** ***Corner:*** **Perc Westmore works magic on Gale Page.**





All eyes have some point of beauty. Discover it. Dramatize it and yours will be beautiful eyes!

or raven locks. Both styles of Twissors are inexpensive. Professional Twissors are for sale in department stores; the original darlings, you will find in drug stores.

You will find splendid eyebrow pencils from your five-and-tens to your department stores. Use black alone for black brows. A brown does a more natural job on blonde and even deep brown brows. You will get a more artistic result by using your pencil in short, quick strokes than by drawing a long, hard line.

[*Continued on page* 78]

A quintette of lovely eyes. *Right:* Mary Beth Hughes, whose dark brows and lashes contrast with her blonde curls. *Below left:* Laraine Day has laughing, saucy eyes. *Below right:* Lillian Cornell's dark eyes question. *Lower left:* Virginia Grey's frank eyes invite friendships. *Lower right:* The dusky beauty of Mary Healy's eyes is strikingly dramatized.









Checking on Their Comments

[Continued from page 13]

it as easy, Mickey Rooney's opinion to the contrary."

Then again, Miss Garland, look at Freddie Bartholomew. And, Judy, switch back to Jackie Coogan, too. I'm afraid it all depends upon the person. Mickey is one of those rarities, with him anything goes, long trousers, freckles, cigarettes. He has the personality that can flatten out adolescence like a steam roller.

JACK BENNY feels that he is doing better in films, getting the swing of the thing. And he says there's a wide difference between the two mediums. Says Jack:

"The good film comedy is a matter of situations and sequences. In the movies you spend days doing a single comedy interlude, sometimes doing the climax first. You shoot and re-shoot, you never know whether it's funny or not until it's too late to do anything about it. You're eternally groping in the dark for a laugh.

"My radio program runs in a continuity, carrying pretty much the same characters along. In brief, funny things happen to the same people. In radio, it's not so much the laughs as getting the laughs in the right spot. The good radio program is the one people talk about across America the next day.

"I find it hardest making films because I'm without an audience. I miss the immediate reactions. In radio we have an audience sit beside us because it indicates at first hand what's funny and what isn't. Studio audiences keep us from being too clever for our own good. We watch them so closely that we frequently change our program between the Eastern broadcast and the Western.

"I like both radio and pictures, but not the two together. It's too hard. After this I shall make my pictures when I'm not on the air. When I'm shooting a film, I have to work with my radio script men early in the morning and late at night. Then there are the radio rehearsals and the air performances which take a lot out of you when you're on edge from your screen work."

Now you know why Jack Benny seemed a bit unfunny in his earlier film comedies. He was learning his way about. Now he can reach for a laugh—and find it. Benny is too adroit and able a comedian to miss in any medium for long. Still, it must be tough trying to gets laughs from audiences that aren't there, that haven't yet thought of buying tickets. Probably, that's why there are so few really funny film comedies.

SINCE Don Ameche first found success on the air and then topped that success in films, I asked him which was tougher, radio or the movies. And Ameche replied:

"It is much harder to follow a screen career as compared to radio. Production of a picture requires long, concentrated effort over a period of time. There is research to be done, testing of wardrobe and makeup to fit the characterization. Continuity of thought and tempo must be maintained even though scenes are broken up into small sections, and scenes which follow each other may be filmed weeks apart.

"In radio, on the other hand, a few intense rehearsals set the tone and pace, and it is all done in one piece and over within a short time—until the next program.

"What I find hardest of all is to do radio and pictures at the same time. During a radio rehearsal I might be worrying about a picture problem and vice versa. The ideal state is to confine one's activities to one field only. That may make things easier, but I'm a glutton for work.

"Whether in radio or on the screen, the types of roles I like best are those which require the hardest work. By that I mean characterizations which require a lot of preparation as opposed to the leading man type. An actor always prefers to create a character rather than just play himself."

All of which echoes Mr. Benny's thoughts and all of which I accept—although I except that crack about actors not wanting to play themselves. That's a pleasant legend, Mr. Ameche, but the Hollywood screen is crowded with actors who are giving fair to middlin' performances of themselves in all sorts of strange and bizarre clothes. The actors who really characterize can be named on the fingers of one hand. Off hand, no pun intended, I can think of just one. A g-nt named Spencer Tracy.

SPEAKING of Spencer reminds me of his Tom Edison. Not his best role by any means, for it isn't easy to make outstanding a deaf inventor who was more interested in electric bulbs than in romance. But in this Edison No. 2 is a newcomer, Rita Johnson, a pleasant young woman with possibilities. Rita told me—

"By far the best role I've ever had is Mary Stillwell, the girl who married Thomas A. Edison. My proof is that I was so anxious to do this role opposite Spencer Tracy in 'Edison the Man' that I willingly did double acting duty, since I was, at the time, appearing in '40 Little Mothers.' There were days when I was an 1869 girl in 'Edison' in the morning and a 1940 girl with Cantor in the afternoon. I would take a fast lunch and no rest to do it, but the Edison part was worth it.

"I enjoyed that Mary Stillwell part above all others, because I had not just a type as a pattern but a specific model. I was recreating real life and portraying a woman who was beloved. There were other reasons. It was my first picture with Tracy, whose characterizations are so vivid and gripping that you find yourself being swept away by scenes as you play them. It was also my first costume role and I discovered that costumes make one forget one's self completely, which is the basis of good acting. When dressed in costumes of another era, you easily become someone else."

You're wrong, Rita, about costumes making acting easier. They make most players artificial and hammy. It's harder to be really human in crinolines than in a 1940 bathing suit. Think back. Only the rare costume film has a completely compelling performance. Most of its inhabitants are just dressed up mannikins going to a masquerade.



Gracious sakes alive, if it isn't a male Lorelei! The lad with the hypnotic flute is Jim Moran and the poor lassies under the melodic spell are Wanda McKay and Virginia Dale, last seen in "Buck Benny Rides Again."

Hollywood Earfuls

[Continued from page 6]



Jackie Cooper acts pretty sleepy or something as our cameraman catches him at Ciro's with "Jimmie" Rogers, wealthy Palm Springs socialite.

about their pedigreed purps when Louis Hayward, whose sense of humor is one of the best in town, promptly started bragging about *his* dog. When he had gotten the experts worked up to a high pitch of interest, Louis then whistled for Fido. "He's a fine specimen of Curbstone Setter," said Louis, and grinning broadly, he walked off with what is probably the most nondescript pup in all Hollywood.

Margaret Lindsay has become a miniature automobile racing fan. The little cars are about two feet long and race around like mad on a steel saucer track. Margaret is having a special car built with a jazzed up motor and hopes to beat Eleanor Powell and Andrea Leeds, both of whom are enthusiasts. Boy friend Bill Lundigan is on hand helping supervise the job.

Mary Astor's baby basinette is again being put to use. Woven especially in Hawaii, it saw its first use with the arrival there of Marilyn Thorpe, who traveled back to Hollywood in it on the boat. It was next used by Tony del Campo, Mary's son, now eleven months old. Because it is bad luck to give a basinette away, Mary is loaning it to Tommy Mitchell's daughter Ann (Mrs. Bud Lange) *who is expecting. Mary and Tommy are not only neighbors, but have been close friends for years.*

Marlene Dietrich and Noel Coward dining at Ciro's, Noel's first night in town. Both wore exactly the same suits—except Marlene's had a skirt.

All the young men were on their guard the other evening at the dinner dance at the Arrowhead Springs Hotel when they danced with Phyllis Brooks. Reason? At the bottom of a split from the neckline to the waistline of her white jersey dinner gown she wore a long gold dagger with diamond and ruby studded hilt.

Lupe Velez dined a group of visiting "South of the Border" friends the other evening at the Hollywood Brown Derby before taking them to their first preview, "Torrid Zone." And Lupe, as usual, blazing in diamonds, had everybody wide-eyed. She wore a black tailored suit and turban, with diamond earclips, lapel pin, and a not-too-small collection of diamond bracelets worn outside her black gloves.

Ann Sheridan says that George Brent is the only boy friend she ever took to Ciro's who put on dark glasses. Usually, they want to make it easy for the photographers, not difficult.

When Paulette Goddard donated one of her filmiest, flimsiest night gowns for an auction at a charity ball in New York she not only helped the needy Finns, but she poured glamour into the life of the man who bid $350 for the privilege of taking that night gown home with him. The gentleman in possession of Paulette's night gown has turned out to be a high official in the Eastern office of one of the airway companies and he has offered to return the night gown to Paulette provided he may do so in person. Maybe Charlie will have something to say about that!

Rudy Vallee has a new girl friend every week, and Frances Robinson has a new boy friend every week. Those two should get together sometime and see what happens.

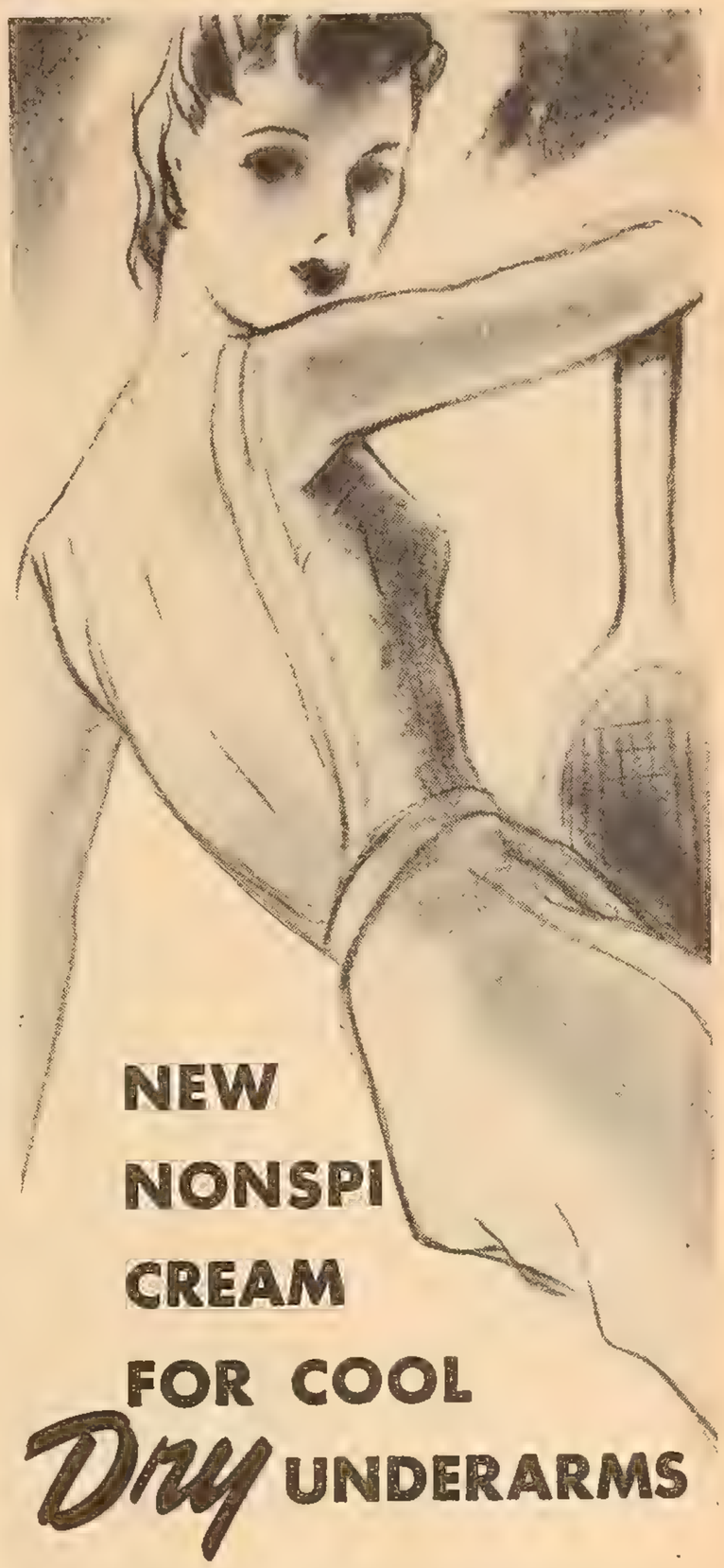
Kay Francis' constant escort these nights is Bernard Newman, dress designer.

Off-stage dialogue on the set of "South of Pago-Pago" via Victor McLaglen on the telephone, caused some wild speculation the other day until Vic himself revealed what the excitement was about. Every five minutes during the morning's shooting Vic was called to the phone. His conversation went something like this: "Oh, that's fine, that's fine. And how is the mother doing? I'm glad to hear it." Five minutes elapsed and Vic again: "Another one? Well, well—that's great. And they're both okay? Fine." After the fifth successive call the set bystanders were so curious to know who was giving birth to quintuplets that they almost broke a blood vessel. Finally, Vic broke down and explained that five new colts had arrived on his Fresno ranch. Incidentally, Vic has joined the roster of picture names with colors at Hollywood Park. He entered two horses "Lotwood" and "Sebelyn" at the recent opening.

Jackie Cooper's room resembles an arsenal when Jackie gets his gun collection out for display. The collection consists of valuable guns of all types, but Jackie says that it is less impressive than it used to be. "Whenever I run short on my allowance I hock a gun. So far, I haven't run long enough on my allowance to redeem them."

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Greater than "Kentucky"



DARRYL F. ZANUCK'S
Production of

MARYLAND

IN TECHNICOLOR!

with

Walter Brennan • Fay Bainter • Brenda
"Kentucky's" great star
Joyce • John Payne • Charlie Ruggles
Marjorie Weaver • Hattie McDaniel
of "Gone With The Wind" fame



Directed by **HENRY KING**
Associate Producer Gene Markey • Original Screen Play by Ethel Hill and Jack Andrews
A 20th Century-Fox Picture



Silver Sc

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Jean Parker's favo... ment is a tiny bow of diamonds, from Cartiers, if you please. Jean is one of the few girls in Hollywood who prefers to do her own bronze locks and seldom goes to a beauty shop. And you never know just how her hair is going to look, because she has a different hair-do every day.

And in a season when all the gals are wearing their hair curled within an inch of their lives, the new straight-cut Dutch bob affected by Patricia Ellis is both startling and becoming. Turned under just slightly in the back to take away the severeness of the heavy bangs, Pat's yellow hair has the additional advantage of being easy to keep prettied even



Rosemary Lane on the branch of an old apple tree at her San Fernando Valley home. *Left:* Ty Power and Cesar Romero at Jane Withers 14th(?) birthday. *Below:* The Brian Ahernes. *Right:* A roller skating spill for Judy Garland and Bob Stack.





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happenings of you

was going smoothly until Dan
ddenly walked onto the floor
About-Town Pat di Cicco as
partner—and by popular ap-
e two won the rhumba contest
a Henie and Joe Schenck. The
rophy was a dishpan. Although
's that she is not marrying the
thy Mr. Topping (*Arlene Judge's*
ywood believes that it will be
ells any day for those two.

Robert Young will never again be
ook in the face one of those fa-
ndividual chicken pies" served in
tro commissary. He thinks of a
$25 a pie every time he sees one.
as if Bob ordered some Indo-China
s, a very rare breed, to stock his



Left: One of the first Hollywood celebrities to visit the N. Y. World's Fair was Gene Autry. *Below:* At the Kentucky Derby, *front row,* Irene Dunne, Jim Farley, Mrs. Conner, Lt. Gov. Myers of Kentucky; *back row,* Gov. Cooper of Tennessee, Gov. Johnson of Kentucky and affluent James Cromwell.

On her 76th birthday May Robson receives congratulations from Gary Cooper, Preston Foster, C. B. DeMille, Lynne Overman and J. Stuart Blackton.

favorites in Hollywood

Tarzana ranch. The chickens were delivered to him at the studio by mistake. And also by mistake they were sent around to the commissary where Chef Louis Albers received them. By the time Bob traced them down his prize chickens were in pies!

You can powder your nose by looking at Dolores Del Rio's ears. She's wearing tiny mirrors for ear-rings.

Otto Kruger, who believes in doing things the hard way, especially on the horticultural side, is growing the first orchid from "scratch" or parasite, or whatever you call it. Anyway, it'll be four years and three months exactly, according to Otto's calendar, before the precious flower rears its beautiful head. No star who ever received an Oscar will have experienced more of a thrill than Otto when that one orchid blooms.

Jimmy Dunn, who loves *to eat, is forced to diet continually to keep his boyish figure. And he's a sucker for new diets. Most recent consists of spinach three times a day. Can you imagine spinach for breakfast?*

Virginia Field and Richard Greene will be getting married any day now. They were discovered last week shopping for furniture—and among other things they purchased were twin beds!

Hedy Lamarr and Marlene Dietrich are all agog over the arrival in Hollywood, to fulfill an engagement at the Cafe Lamaze, of Viennese Greta Keller. Hedy and Greta are old friends from way back in Vienna, while Marlene and Greta both learned to sing in their unusual fashion while appearing in the stage play "Broadway" in Berlin by listening, of all things, to records of Whispering Jack Smith.

Myrna Loy has started a new fashion fad by wearing starched lace glove cuffs to match the brim of a summer hat.

Louis Hayward tells it on himself. The first day on his new picture at RKO he walked over to Director Roy Del Ruth and said, "Listen old boy, you know I don't work after six."

Said Del Ruth with interest, "Is that so? Then you'll be working a whole hour by yourself. We don't work after five."

Claudette Colbert recently had the tragedy of the present war brought close to her when she received word that her cousin, Commander Raymond Chauchoin, had died of pneumonia during service along the Maginot line. The death of her cousin ends the family name *(Continued on page 58)*



Upper right: **Elaine Sheppard, appearing in "You Can't Fool Your Wife," is proof that swimming is good for the figure.** ***Above:*** **Judy Canova at premiere of "Dark Command."** ***Right:*** **Frances Dee and hubby Joel McCrea dining with the Alfred Hitchcocks at Ciro's.**

JOAN'S OWN WAY TO

IN THE event you still haven't snagged your man, what with Leap Year about to go into the stretch, Joan Crawford has a word of cheer and counsel for you, girls.

She told us all about it the other day in her temporary villa atop a nifty Manhattan hotel from which dizzy heights the view of Mayor Fiorella LaGuardia's Central Park was a thing of beauty and a joy forever.

Miss Crawford was in rare voice indeed, caparisoned in lounging pajamas of purple silk with an orange sash, her brilliant, dark-red hair fairly gleaming. With "Susan and God" already completed, and a two months' vacation in the offing before the studio caliphs would be dragooning her home to Hollywood to do "The Woman's Face," you can understand exactly why Miss C. was as blithe as a sparrow.

"This 'How to Snag a Man' question," Miss Crawford led off, as she sent a sophisticated little smoke ring caroming against the ceiling, "would be so much more simplified if young girls had even the faintest glimmering of what a man really is. Girls are always making men out to be the most complex creatures ever devised. Actually, like women, men are really simple. And I have a strong suspicion that they like their women simple, too."

Miss Crawford paused, launched another smoke ring.

"What astonishes me most about us women is how we refuse to be ourselves. We break our necks to leave what is known in the art of meeting people, as



Left: Joan's an idol of chorus girls because she started her career as one. *Above:* Although separated many believe Franchot Tone and Joan are still in love. *Right:* Always has time for autographs. *Below:* With admirer Cesar Romero.

As the leap

Snag A MAN!



By John R. Franchey

"What astonishes me most about us women is how we refuse to be ourselves," laments Joan Crawford.

'an impression.' Some of us, alas, stop at nothing, ranging from card tricks to hanging by our teeth from chandeliers. The trouble with impressions like these is that they're too permanent."

We interrupted Miss Crawford, all a-blush, to pose a concrete situation.

"Now here is a little miss named Susie, fresh-arrived at a cocktail party in her new dress (*the well-tailored black job with a gold buckle that set her back three weeks' salary*) not to mention a hair-do from the salon of the town's costliest beauty shoppe. Suddenly, she spots this Greek god in an English drape model, knee-deep in assorted female wild life, blondes, brunettes and titians. Her heart stands still. What does Susie do?"

Miss Crawford let out a refined squeal.

"Good Lord, what a situation!" she exclaimed. She looked amused, leaned back, and carried on.

"I think Susie would do well to take her time. Of course, if she's the adventurous type, she might try to outflank the enemy. But that would only make her one of many and this Greek god you're talking about probably wouldn't remember her—or the others—ten seconds after he paid his respects to the hostess and looked to his gloves.

"Most girls in a situation like this are tempted to giggle like sixty, start talking loud, or begin looking for matches—anything to draw attention to themselves. I don't think being aggressive and obvious will get our Susie anything but frustration."

For a moment, things looked black indeed for Susie until Miss Crawford, in leisurely fashion, got around to the punch line.

"What Susie ought to do is to turn her back. And act nonchalant. Let her make no mistake about it: *she will be noticed.* Only let her have patience, and this synthetic Greek god will amble over, in time, to tell her what a wonderful dress she's wearing and even offer her a drink. This is where too many Susies stumble and fall. They get anxious. They turn on a pay-day smile. Or they become cute. Or, worse still, perhaps they turn on that phony British accent. What these Susies get is the cocktail and a Hail and Farewell.

"But let's suppose that our Susie has skipped the *(Continued on page 74)*

ear privilege for girls is almost over, Joan Crawford offers rare words of wisdom

THE WILD



WATCH FOR THIS MAN—HE'S WANTED!

WATCH FOR THIS MAN—and don't be too easily detoured, he travels under aliases, he does, Stanley Morner alias Richard Stanley alias Dennis Morgan.

He's a master of make-up, too. He was wearing a beard the day I saw him, for one of his dual roles in Warner Brothers' "River's End." But 'twarn't no prop beard, waxed on by a Westmore, he grew it 'natural.' The next time I see him, chances are he'll be clean shaven and I won't know him.

WATCH FOR THIS MAN: he's six feet two inches tall, weighs 195 pounds, has blue eyes with a blaze in 'em, thick tan hair, strong white teeth, is 29 years of age and a singing fool. Search for him first out of doors. He may be swimming, playing tennis, shooting a nasty game of golf, working out in a gymnasium; he's likely to be in the bleachers or on the field at football games, baseball games, track meets; he may be fishing or hunting or, if tracked down in his native Wisconsin, fighting the muskalonge. Or again, for he's a slippery customer, with more strings to his always drawn bow than Robin Hood and Little John ever boasted between them, he may be at a concert, at the opera or in his music library at home, poring over rare and original manuscripts. He might even be in the parlor—anyway, don't overlook it, especially if there's a Queen in it. The



Upper left: Dennis Morgan using a bit of his charm on Virginia Bruce in "Flight Angels." *Extreme left:* With Peg O'Grady, American Airlines hostess selected by pilots as best suited for screen career. *Left:* Clowning with Priscilla Lane on Warner Bros. set of "Three Cheers for the Irish."

OATS OF DENNIS MORGAN

If ever there was a fellow who's "been around" it's this dashing, headed - straight - for-stardom stalwart who certainly has a way with women!

By

Gladys Hall

only place you won't find him is in a night-club. Skip them.

Lusty, studious, boisterous, sensitive, a lumberjack, a lover, a fighter, a poet, a Soldier of Fortune, a singer of songs, loving thick steaks and platters of corn on the cob, wild fowl and brook trout, Dickens and "Goodbye, Mr. Chips," the trombone, roses, machinery, danger, the color blue, Scotch ballads, sea chanteys, comfortable clothes, bridge, opera, table tennis and pretty girls, this is a young man with an omniverous appetite for life and a prodigious capacity for living it.

Now he's not, of course, being hounded by the police, the sheriff is not on his trail; he's not being hounded by anyone except producers and pretty girls. If you saw him in "Three Cheers for the Irish," *when* you see him in "River's End," you will know why producers hound him. And if you are a pretty girl you will know why—well, you will know *why* . . .

He hasn't committed any crime, punishable by death or imprisonment or even fines unless you call it a crime to go romping around the world with the profile of a poet and the biceps of a bull-fighter. Which I do. A most heinous crime, I calls it, to be listed on the calendar as Disturbing the Peace.

For Dennis Morgan, born Stanley Morner, christened Richard Stanley when he was at Paramount, re-christened Dennis Morgan when he signed with Warner Brothers, has done quite a tasty job of Disturbing the Peace in the time allotted to him thus far.

At the age of nine, a miss by the name of Goldie Waggoner (*aged eight*) let him have it with a brick. He still bears the scar under his helmet of tan hair. I know he does, because he showed it to me. Perhaps, Goldie was prescient. Perhaps, she was, albeit instinctively, trying to protect her sex from the scars the boy Stanley was sure to deal out to them, with bouquets if not with bricks. Goldie, for all we know, may have been a one with the crystal ball or the tea leaves . . . she may have seen therein the faces of that little blonde up in the North woods, the damosel who was to play Marguerite to Stanley's Faust in the tent show, the girl named Mimi, the little tap dancer in vaudeville, . . . but alas for Goldie and all her sisters, it takes more than a conk on the bean to restrain so robust a Romeo, a Romeo who can *sing,* Mr. Shakespeare, sir . . .

Of Goldie Waggoner, Dennis Morgan says simply, but its enough to give you the goose pimples to hear it, "I'd like to meet her again, someday . . ."

In Prentice, Wisconsin, where, on December 20th, 1910, the future lumberjack, lover, singer, actor, feller of trees and Fellow of Hearts was born, they called him "Toughie" Morner. In spite of the fact that, *(Continued on page 60)*



Right: **Dennis Morgan with Priscilla Lane in "Three Cheers for the Irish," which had the critics singing his praises.** *Below:* **With a group of airline hostesses.**



DON'T GET THOSE POWELLS

TWO blocks from me, on a shady old-fashioned street, whose quiet is rarely disturbed by sight-seeing buses, is one of the homiest homes in Hollywood. Here, completely surrounded by tall, swaying eucalyptus, with their wonderful fragrance, live Joan Blondell and Dick Powell, the happiest married couple in Hollywood. (*Of course, if you wandered in some day when Joan, sizzling like an Alka-Seltzer, is accusing Dick of swiping her comb, and Dick with great masculine dignity is saying, "Did you* have *to spend $50 for that ridiculous hat?" you just might think I was prevaricating a bit.*)

When the Powells married, four years ago come September, Hollywood didn't give them the customary year. Hollywood gave them six months, and was being very big-hearted about that. Their backgrounds were so different and their dispositions so dissimilar that they were bound to be incompatible, so Hollywood said. Joan was "vaudeville" from way back. Dick was a nice friendly guy from a highly respectable Little Rock, Arkansas, family. Joan's first appearance in California was with the broke and slightly grimey, but bouncing, Blondells in a tired old Ford that collapsed with every mile, due no doubt to the fact that numerous trunks and boxes were tied to its top and fenders. "You must have looked like Okies," I once said to Joan. "Okies," said Joan, "why compared with us the Okies are the country club set." Dick arrived, immaculate, as always, in a clean shirt and perfectly tailored suit, and with money in the bank. His good looks and his happy boyish grin immediately had the movie gals saying, "Lookee, Lookee. That's for me."

How two such really swell people managed to fight their way through the synthetic shambles of the movie colony and discover each other I don't know, but they did. The first six months passed, the first year passed, and with the advent of Pretty Miss Ellen Powell, Hollywood became discouraged and sort of gave up prophesying a Powell divorce. But when Dick announced several months ago that he and Joan would appear together in a Paramount picture called "I Want a Divorce," Hollywood pricked up its ears and wondered if that could be wishful thinking. I'm the last one to squash a tasty tidbit, but everybody might just as well go and relax, "I Want a Divorce" is just a title as far as the Powells are concerned, nothing more. Joan and Dick are still the happiest Mr. and Mrs. in town.

Now, I don't want to give you the impression that every time you open the Powell front door pigeons fly out, harps twang away, and an angel chorus sings. Oh, no. Oh, no indeed. There is nothing saccharine nor celestial about the Blondell-Powell happiness. It's of the earth earthy. It's the happiness of two perfectly normal married people. They're just like dozens of young couples in your own home town. And the fact that they indulge in a good family fight occasionally makes them all the more normal. As what married couple doesn't?

While Dick was whanging away at tennis balls (*when he gets that back hand down pat Budge had better look out*) the other Sunday afternoon I lured Joan into a frank discussion of her married life.

"Wives are so silly," said Joan, "running to a divorce court at the drop of a hat. You know how happy Dick and I are together, but just the same three times I've packed my bag to leave him. I get as far as the front gate (*I always do Bernhardt at the front door and Duse at the*

Here is the reason for the marital happiness of Joan Blondell and Dick Powell, two totally different persons who weren't supposed to be meant for each other



When the Powells got married four years ago, Hollywood didn't give them the customary year. Hollywood gave them six months, and was being very big-hearted about that. Whether pitching horseshoes or nightclubbing, the Powells have a good time together.



Little Mickey Kuhn of the "I Want A Divorce" cast taking a picture of Joan between scenes. Joan comes of a vaudeville family, while Dick comes of a homey Little Rock, Arkansas, family. With backgrounds so different they weren't given a chance.



WRONG!

gate) when I realize that I haven't any place to go. If I register at a hotel it will be in all the newspapers by morning. My friends are so fond of Dick that they'd slam the door in my face rather than let me in without him. So I just retire in great dignity to the bathroom, lock the door, and sulk for several hours. The next morning it's all over and forgotten and while I unpack my bag I wonder what ever made me think that I would leave Dick for one minute."

I think Joan has hit upon a solution for all domestic disagreements. The next time you get mad with *your* Dick, instead of calling up a lawyer why don't you just lock yourself in the bathroom and have a good sulk?

(Continued on page 62)

By
Elizabeth Wilson



an and Dick cutting their edding cake. Says Joan, "Wives e so silly running to a divorce urt at the drop of a hat. You ow how happy Dick and I e, but just the same three nes I've packed my bag to ave him." But she never did.



HEDY LAMARR

You'll notice Hedy's tresses aren't as long as they used to be. She had them cut shorter for her role in "Boom Town," in which she's starred with Clark Gable, Spencer Tracy and Claudette Colbert.

HELEN VINSON

elen's speciality has been play-
ıg unsympathetic parts in pic-
ıres. She's invariably the "other
oman" or the "nagging wife."
ı her latest, "Torrid Zone,"
ıe's once again an old meanie.



MURIEL ANGELUS

Paramount has a positive "find" in Muriel. She plays any type of part equally well. Notice the variance of roles in her latest films, "Safari," "Down Went McGinty," and "Way of All Flesh."



GEORGE *SANDERS*

Just as George was acquiring the reputation of the screen's most popular villain *(despite his work as the "Saint")*, he is cast in "Foreign Correspondent," as a man you really admire.



ANNE SHIRLEY

Although she usually doesn't stress it, Anne can look just as glamourous as she wishes. In "Saturday's Children," she emphasizes her desire to be known for her acting, not her beauty.

BOB HOPE

You'll next be enjoying the antics of Bob Hope in "The Ghost Breakers," in which he appears with captivating Paulette Goddard. Bob's just about the best liked comic on the screen today.

VIRTUE IS

By Ed Sullivan

MOVIE heroines offer proof positive that there is more than one way of winning friends and influencing people to go to box-offices. Bette Davis accomplished it by being a "meanie." Garbo wooed 'em and won 'em by being mysterious. Jeanette MacDonald sang her way to fame. Jean Harlow was as spectacular as a July 4th fireworks display. Clara Bow blazed the trail that Lana Turner and Ann Sheridan currently are following, and Marlene Dietrich put sex-appeal on a Continental basis. Joan Blondell wise-cracked her way to importance. Carole Lombard offered the bite of a northwest gale. Mae West was gay and vulgar. Joan Crawford typified all the shop girls behind all the counters of the country. However, it remained for Myrna Loy to achieve distinction as a contradiction of the old adage that "my wife doesn't understand me." There never has been a wife with the capacity for understanding that Myrna has brought to the screen, and it has been profitable to her.

The most amusing reflection on the success of the Loy characterization of the perfect wife is that she didn't start out the way she finished. Natacha Rambova, who discovered her legging a time-step



STILL ITS OWN REWARD

Siren roles drove Myrna Loy out of pictures and "perfect wife" roles not only brought her back to the screen, but started her off on the second and greatest phase of her career

with a Fanchon and Marco unit, typed Myrna (*she was then using her real name, Myrna Williams*) as a siren. So Myrna started out as a house-wrecking siren and graduated into a perfect wife. Evidently virtue is its own reward, because siren roles drove Myrna out of pictures, and "perfect wife" roles not only brought her back to pictures, but started her off on the second phase of a career.

Myrna is a product of Hollywood's "Roaring Twenties." Myrna, Claudette Colbert, Jeanette MacDonald, Virginia Bruce, Joan Bennett, Carole Lombard, Kay Francis and Loretta Young all got started in the years from 1927 to 1929. They really are the young Old Guard of pictures. Myrna Loy's first picture was in 1928. Two years earlier Greta Garbo had made "The Torrent." Three years earlier, Joan Crawford had made "Pretty Ladies." A year previous to the Loy debut, Claudette Colbert had appeared in "For the Love O' Mike," a picture noted because it was the only flop Frank Capra ever directed. In the same year, 1928, Carole Lombard was appearing in "The Perfect Crime," and the previous year, Loretta Young had played a small role in "Naughty But Nice."

You don't realize how well glamour resists the erosive effect of the years until you pause to remember that Myrna Loy has been in pictures for thirteen years, and that quite a number of other glamour girls have been around for fifteen years. Greta Garbo is in her fifteenth year as a star. Joan Crawford has been doing very nicely for herself and for M-G-M for sixteen years. Loretta Young is still a gorgeous slice of fluff after fourteen years. Joan Bennett, Jeanette MacDonald, Virginia Bruce and Kay Francis have been hopping temperatures for twelve years. Bette Davis, Joan Blondell and Marlene Dietrich have been in the headlines since 1930.

Say, the glamour girls could give Ponce De Leon cards and spades and beat him to that fountain of youth recipe. Clark Gable, Spencer Tracy and Jim Cagney all are accepted as movie veterans, but none of them were playing leads in flickers when Myrna Loy made that first picture for Natacha Rambova. In fact, it wasn't until two years later that Gable played a small part in "The Painted Desert," or that Tracy got a good part in "Up the River."

Fanchon and *(Continued on page 82)*

Myrna Loy, who used to go to school with Gary Cooper back in Helena, Montana, has been in pictures for thirteen years. Natacha Rambova, who was Mrs. Rudolph Valentino, discovered her in a Fanchon and Marco chorus. *Below:* With her pet dog, Spike. *Lower left:* With her husband, Arthur Hornblow, Jr. *Lower right:* With Gene Markey, Hedy Lamarr, her husband and Rosalind Russell at a premiere.









Hedy Lamarr actually scorns new hats for a five-year-old felt which she can punch into hundreds of assorted shapes. On the other hand, when Norma Shearer is invited to a formal affair she likes to wear a hat.

Gary Cooper is known for being the strong, dominant, masculine type, but he was recently seen at a fur and fashion show sitting with his wife.

The surprising things which happen daily in Film Town would make even Believe-It-Or-Not Ripley wonder if they really were true

By Ben Maddox

SOMETIMES I *know* Hollywood is as dizzy as they say! You wouldn't believe the strange things that still do go on—if you couldn't personally swear they were true.

For example, it's true that Gary Cooper was beaming at a fur and fashion show during the cocktail hour on the Sunset Strip. He was one of three men attending the soiree, and was in a party made up of his wife and thirteen other women. He is strong and silent; but when Sandra (*Mrs. C.*) wants him as an escort to such an affair he doesn't pull any of that screen dominance. He goes like a good little boy.

I saw Lucius Beebe chumming with Marlene Dietrich at the bar in Ciro's one evening recently. They could have passed for two old friends from the same home town. But the jolt came when they parted and he turned to me and asked who she was!

Probably the only similar actual episode to top that happened to Ann Sheridan. Hurrying to the studio the other afternoon, sans makeup, she stopped for a quick bite to eat at a drive-in. "What've you got new?" she inquired. The waitress, not recognizing Annie without her warpaint, heartily recommended their Oomph Sandwich. Guaranteed to give her Sheridan's pep!

I'll bet you would be temporarily startled at some of the Neon signs that glow in Hollywood's streets. You never realize how health-conscious the movie colony must be until you ride by the colonic irrigation station where the electric slogan

Extreme left: **Lana Turner buys another red dress whenever she thinks of it, and drives a scarlet roadster with hubby Artie Shaw.** *Left:* **How Clark Gable gave an interview on the women in his past is one for the books.**

IT'S TRUE ABOUT HOLLYWOOD!

is: "A Happy Colon Is The Life Of The Party."

How Clark Gable came to give the revealing interview on the women in his past is one for the books. Clark was determined he wouldn't talk on that topic. A candid cameraman, who worked with one of the best fan magazine reporters, chanced to see Clark (*before his marriage to Carole Lombard*) exiting from an apartment where Gable's maiden aunt did *not* live. The reporter insinuated his stooge had snapped the farewell kiss. Gable gave!

Constance Bennett, who descended on the town well fixed with a big settlement from a society husband, habitually pals with the most influential people. Questioned as to the secret of her success, she maintains knowing them means nothing so far as a job goes. David Niven was franker. He admitted he became a star because he met Goldwyn through Loretta Young and the Fred Astaires. If the famous Sam hadn't been impressed with Davie's social graces at that dinner party one star wouldn't have been born.

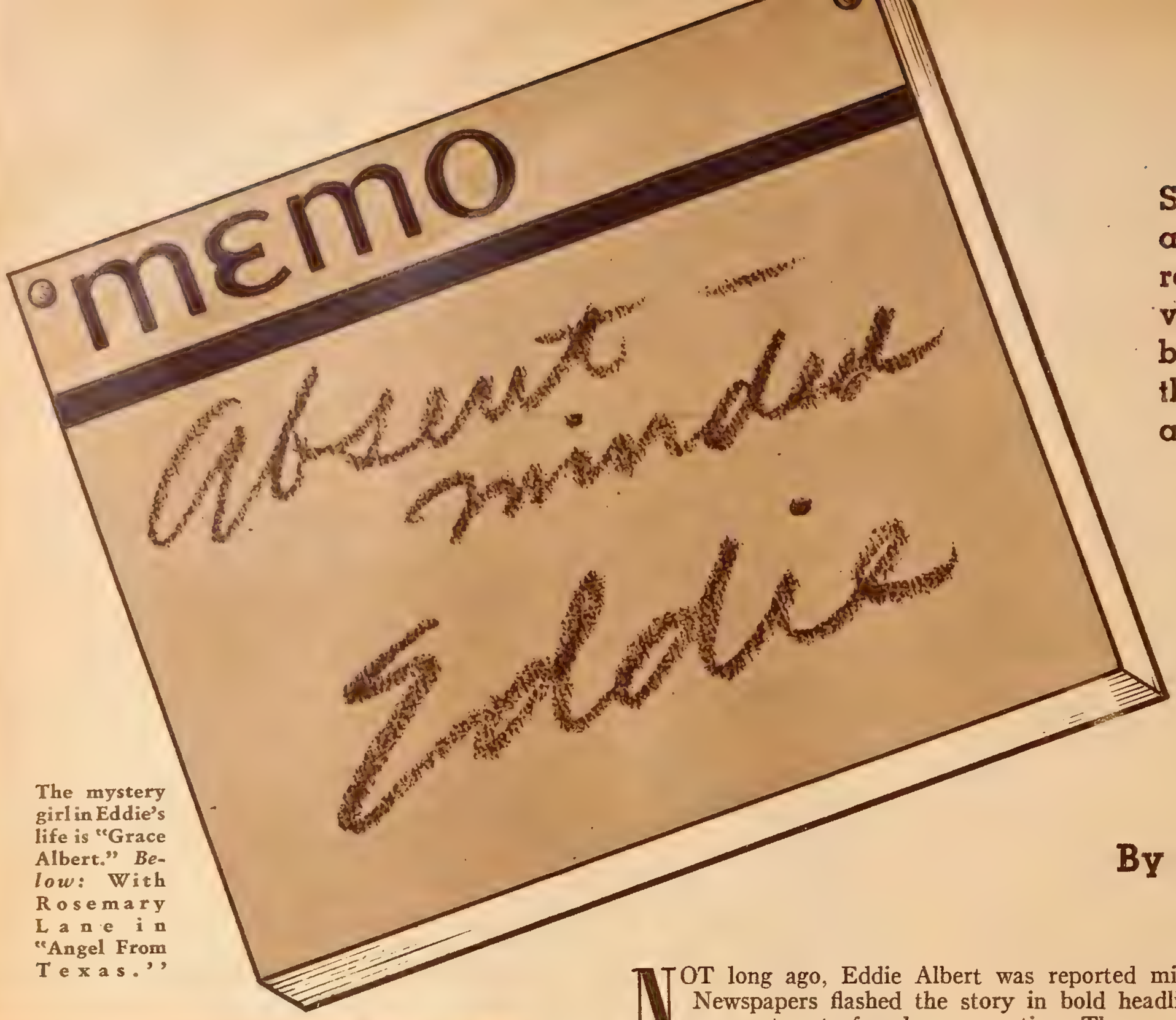
I am a little bored [*Continued on page* 64]

Claudette Colbert's husband, Dr. Joel Pressman, refuses to be photographed with his wife on all occasions.

Some days crowds follow Robert Taylor, in Hollywood, other days people don't give him a tumble.



Above: Tyrone Power has electric gates leading to his garage which automatically open as his car approaches, and no matter how fast. *Left:* Ann Sheridan, without makeup, wasn't recognized by a waitress in a drive-in quick lunch spot who suggested she try an "Oomph Sandwich" to get the Ann Sheridan pep.



Say what you want about Eddie Albert, his romances and gay cavortings, but remember there's no one in the world really as absent-minded as he is

The mystery girl in Eddie's life is "Grace Albert." *Below:* With Rosemary Lane in "Angel From Texas."

By Everetta Love

NOT long ago, Eddie Albert was reported missing in the wilds of Mexico. Newspapers flashed the story in bold headlines across the country. Eddie was a twenty-four-hour sensation. Then, next day, a little one-paragraph story said that it was all a mistake. He wasn't lost at all. He just "forgot" to tell his studio, Warner Brothers, where he was.

Fifty million people shrugged their shoulders and said, "Hollywood stuff!" But I didn't. I laughed and said, "If that isn't Eddie Albert all over—looking for buried treasure, too—same old Eddie!"

You see, I was fortunate enough to be in the group that knew Eddie a few years ago in New York, in the early days of his radio and stage career. I knew that in the Mexican escapade, as well as behind the footlights and under the Kleig lights, Eddie was just being Eddie Albert.

Did you think he was really playing dumb, lovable Bing Edwards in "Brother Rat," the abstracted doctor in "Four Wives," and all those other wistful, bewildered young men he has depicted so well that casting directors are now labeling them "the Eddie Albert type"? He was playing himself. Except that Eddie Albert isn't dumb. He's a college man, extremely studious and serious-minded, with books, music and microscopy—of all things!—as his hobbies.

It's just that he really is the most absent-minded person in the world.





Between scenes with Rosemary Lane during the making of "Angel From Texas."

He drives people wild, but they're crazy about him, so he doesn't worry. He wouldn't worry, anyway! His head is too far up in the clouds.

I remember a night in New York back in those early years. Eddie had invited some of the gang in for a party at his apartment in the Village. I was a member of the advance guard. When we arrived, we found Eddie in front of his fireplace, completely absorbed in building a fire.

"Hello, folks," he said, vaguely. "Look, you put this log here, and you put another log there. If you do it like this, smoke won't pour back into the room."

For an hour, we listened to a discourse on the fine points of the art of fire-building. Eddie would have made a terrific professor. Whatever he's interested in at the moment, he follows through to the unhappy end.

Finally, we said, "Remember us? We're the people you invited over for a party tonight." *(Continued on page 66)*

Eddie Albert is 32, and though his lost, absent-minded type is a terrific come-on for girls with maternal instincts, he's definitely a bachelor. He has a tremendous interest in people and in anything that is a part of *real* life. *Below:* With beard and guitar, he relaxes on his boat.

BETTY

She's been so sensational on Broadway, Hollywood wants her back again

By William Lynch Vallee

GRABLE MAKES GOOD—AGAIN

IN SEAT AA4 a smallish man sat in New York's 46th Street Theatre watching the hit musical "Du Barry Was A Lady" with careful attention. Occasionally, he would toss his head back and roar with laughter at a Bert Lahr antic or tilt an appraising ear towards Ethel Merman as she sang a number like "Friendship." But it was only when Betty Grable appeared that he leaned forward in his seat, eyes and ears working overtime.

If you would know, the man listening with might and main was none other than Darryl F. Zanuck, production head of 20th Century-Fox, one of the smartest operators in the business and a man ever on the lookout for cinema possibilities. Especially stage people who might turn out to be stellar movie material.

He watched Miss Grable in a scene with Lahr for a moment longer then leaned over and whispered to the man next to him who nodded his head slowly up and down in the most approved Hollywood *yes*.

The next day the gentleman to whom Mr. Zanuck had whispered signed Miss Grable to a juicy contract. She was to leave for Hollywood soon—but not exactly as a stranger to that town.

Hardly, since Betty Grable first landed there when she was six years old. Hardly, in view of the unassailable fact that since that time she had done as much movie work as anyone in Hollywood. No, it simply took a New York musical to sell her back to an industry that had given her up after sticking her into almost every single college movie made in the usual Hollywood academic style!

That's the movies for you. Girl makes too many bad college movies; girl marries Jackie Coogan; girl divorces Jackie Coogan; girl plays in hit musical comedy on stage; movies see show, excitedly sign girl; girl goes back to start all over again.

Miss Grable, at the moment, sat in her suite at the Essex House, on New York's Central Park South, talking to the reporter. A tiny Sealyham puppy named *Mike* squirmed and wriggled in her arms until she banished the fearful beast to the bathroom where he howled disconsolately, if not loudly.

"I was born," she said in answer *(Continued on page 68)*







Right: **Like the rest of us, Betty is given to yawning when first awakened.** ***Extreme right:*** **Betty with Buster Crabbe and Leif Erikson when she was on the payroll at Paramount.** ***Below:*** **With her ex-hubby Jackie Coogan, who still seems to be carrying the torch pretty much for Betty. She has been in pictures since she was six years old. But within the past few years too many silly college pictures hampered her career. But now, after success on Broadway, she's back again for another try.**

By

Bob

William



Now I UNDERSTAN MIRIAM HOPKIN

Thanks to a cocktail party at the Waldorf-Astoria, the writer was able to start clearing up all misapprehensions about the fiery Southern star

IT ISN'T easy to know Miriam Hopkins. In all the years I've studied her, I never really understood her—and she never understood me. The mutual misunderstanding between us can be traced, I am convinced, to the fact that we had never met—never even shook hands at a cocktail party—until she came to New York recently on one of her frequent flying trips.

I clutched at that occasion to sweep away, once and for all, the heavy black clouds that had lain so long between us. When I received word from reliable sources that Miss Hopkins was coming to town I hired a beautiful Cadillac limousine at $5 per hour and sped to the airport. Miss Hopkins, I discovered later, always arrives at, and departs from, an airport. She is a rabid flying bug, prefers flying to any other mode of travel and unless the ceiling is absolutely zero will insist upon taking to the air.

When her plane taxied up to the shiny New York air terminal, I waded as rapidly as I could through a sea of autograph hunters to the gangplank (*or whatever it is they wheel out to a plane to discharge the passengers via*) and managed to get close enough for her to hear the few words that bobbled out over the lump in my throat. The conversation was brief:

William: *Ulp, Miss Hopkins, I—er, I'm so and so from such and such.*

Hopkins: *How do you do?*

William: *Would you, er, mind posing for a few pictures? (Dozens of cameramen stood by with loaded cameras.)*

Hopkins: *Oh really, not now, I'm tired and messy. Some other time, perhaps?*

William: *Well, ulp, I have a car waiting. May I—*

Hopkins: *Why thanks awfully, but I have a friend here to meet me. Thanks awfully.*

And, cool as the wind that swept my hat down the field, she disappeared into another automobile.

When I returned with my hat, she had left the field. Errol Flynn, who happened to be on the same plane, said that he wouldn't mind riding into town with me as long as I had gone to the trouble of driving out to meet him. I dropped him at his hotel. (*And that's the last we'll see of Errol Flynn in this story.*)

Well, from that first meeting with Miss Hopkins I could hardly have been expected to conclude that she was sweet and lovely. Nor could I have had any inkling that she was kind, generous, courteous, charming, talented, intelligent, sophisticated, urbane and affectionate. But she is! It took me a little time to find out, that's all. And this is how I went about it.

When I caught up with her again I inveigled her into attending a cocktail party that was being given in her honor at the Waldorf-Astoria. This was no simple trick. When she discovered that members of the press had been invited she balked with both feet.

"But I've never attended a press party in my life," she cooed through the phone.

"Press parties are easy," I told her. "They're all alike."

"But what are they like?" she queried.

"Well, they're just ordinary cocktail parties," I explained, "but instead of ordinary people, they invite editors and writers."

"All right," she said, "I'll be ready *(Continued on page 71)*









Above: Miriam Hopkins as she appeared with Bette Davis in "The Old Maid." *Right:* With Errol Flynn in her latest film, "Virginia City." *Lower right:* Attending a Hollywood premiere with her friend, Heather Thatcher. *Below:* A cafe scene from "Virginia City."

THEIR

He'd been a guide at the World's Fair until an impressed producer asked him to go to Hollywood, which he did only because the girl he loved insisted upon it — and then fateful things soon followed

By
Elizabeth
Benneche
Peterson









Above: He was one of those college boys earning money for next year's schooling wheeling a chair around the Fair grounds. Sally was small and dark and worked as a stenographer in one of the Industrial exhibits. *Left:* They met at an impromptu party for the employees just before the Fair opened. *Below:* They went on all the rides and had a grand time together. *Right:* As she pointed to the Trylon and Perisphere, she thrilled at their own World of Tomorrow.

WORLD OF TOMORROW

IT'S funny about Hollywood. The way it won't stay in place, I mean. I thought I was leaving it behind when I took the plane for New York; feeling exactly like a star myself with only half a day's notice in which to get ready. Sometimes prosaic business can be as exciting as life at the studios I discovered when my husband announced his hurried business trip to the East and I dashed madly around throwing things into our bags.

As the plane skimmed up into the blue spring sky, I thought I was seeing the last glimpse I'd have of Hollywood for another month. And I must admit I was already beginning to feel lonely for it looking down on its poppy fields and rambling gardens and the houses of the stars where I'd spent so many exciting hours.

But I hadn't left Hollywood behind after all. Most of it had come right along with me.

I discovered that the day after we arrived in New York and the two of us went over to the World's Fair. Of course, we weren't original in that. A few other hundred thousand people had had the same idea and the place was jammed.

As we passed the Terrace Club, we saw Merle Oberon lunching with Sam and Frances Goldwyn at one of the tables overlooking Liberty Lake and, before we'd gone another hundred yards, we'd exchanged greetings with at least another dozen Hollywood celebrities. And it didn't need the glimpse I had of Norma Shearer and George Raft to make me feel as completely at home as I ever had on Sunset Boulevard, itself.

They were being wheeled around in one of those luxurious chairs that take the ache out of Fair-going feet. Norma and George weren't paying much attention to the handsome young attendant who was pointing out the Fair's wonders to them. And who could blame them with a spring day at the Fair being what it is. If ever there was a place made for romance, it's this wonder city on the Flushing Meadows.

Everywhere I looked boys and girls were walking along, hands clasped, their eyes fixed as steadily on the future as the Fair itself. And I watched as I saw a boy wheeling a girl in one of the chairs, his head bending over her as he walked and she looking at him in a way that left no doubt of just how they felt about each other. I'd never seen a pair of youngsters look more in love and they made me remember the boy I saw last summer at this same Fair and the girl who loved him. They had been just as madly in love, too.

Let's call the girl Sally and the boy Allan. Those names suggest them as much as any I know. He was tall and blond and his eyes were as blue as the helmet he was wearing. For he was one of the college boys earning money for his next year's schooling wheeling a chair around the Fair grounds. He was going to be a doctor, as his father had been before him, and he was in his second year at Medical School.

Sally was small and dark and barely reached his heart that had started turning

(Continued on page 63)

Sally looked up and for a moment she was the Sally of a year ago, looking at a man she had just met and falling in love with him at first sight.



Easy To Duplicate





Virginia Bruce, star of Warner's "Flight Angels," in a clever white pique sports dress, splashed with navy blue snowflakes. The double-breasted front fastens with gold disc buttons, while a red calf belt ties at the waist. Her blue and white wedged sportshoes are soft kid. *Right:* Patio pajamas with a double-breasted top of royal blue jersey and blue and white striped, full skirt pajamas. A belt of blue jersey completes the striking outfit.



To be up-to-the-minute when selecting your mid-season wardrobe, keep in mind these creations modeled by Virginia Bruce



Left center: A stunning dinner gown with full skirt of heavy grey sheer, topped with a draped blouse of black, white, grey and red floral print. *Left:* Virginia Bruce models a practical garden costume of grey denim showing a band of red, white and blue embroidered braid accenting the yoke and huge pockets which are set onto a waistband of self fabric. Her cartwheel of navy blue has rows of machine stitching and ties under chin.

Especially appropriate for mid-season wea



Above: Ann Sothern in a smart mid-season coat dress of black sheer, collarless and fashioned with a row of leaf-shaped buttons from throat to waistline. Front panels across the skirt give a smart pocket effect. A false front of black and white print adds a smart touch. Her veiled turban is fashioned of lilies of the valley and white roses. *Right:* Another coat dress of navy blue sheer, cut pencil slim, with tiers of navy and white polka dot taffeta and huge cat's whisker bow at the throat. Her off-the-face cartwheel of navy blue milan is draped with coarse fishnet veiling. Truly a chic outfit.

re these fashions worn by Ann Sothern





Left: Ann Sothern in a trim tailored suit of blue and grey striped men's suiting with a jacket styled with single button closing and rounded front. It has collar and lapel facing of white linen cut out in a floral design. The white straw sailor has a navy blue band. *Above:* Luxurious silver fox has been used by Ann Sothern on this sheer black dress worn by her in "Brother Orchid," in which she appears with Edward G. Robinson. The princess style dress, designed by Howard Shoup, fastens down the front with tiny self-covered buttons while the collar and muff are of silver fox.

WE POINT WITH PRIDE

TO GAIL PATRICK

AT THE moment, Gail is being featured in the two funniest comedies of the season, namely, "The Doctor Takes a Wife," and "My Favorite Wife." Moreover, since 1933 she has been consistently appearing in important pictures and her performances always have contributed immeasurably to their success. Her versatility as an actress has made her one of the most sought after performers in Hollywood. When Gail married Bob Cobb, wealthy restauranteur (*pictured below with Gail*), it was thought she would retire from professional life. But the truth is the producers couldn't find another Gail Patrick and they just wouldn't let her retire. Although she is forever making one picture or another, she manages to blend her career and private life so nicely together that she and her husband are one of the happiest couples you'll find in Hollywood or elsewhere, for that matter.



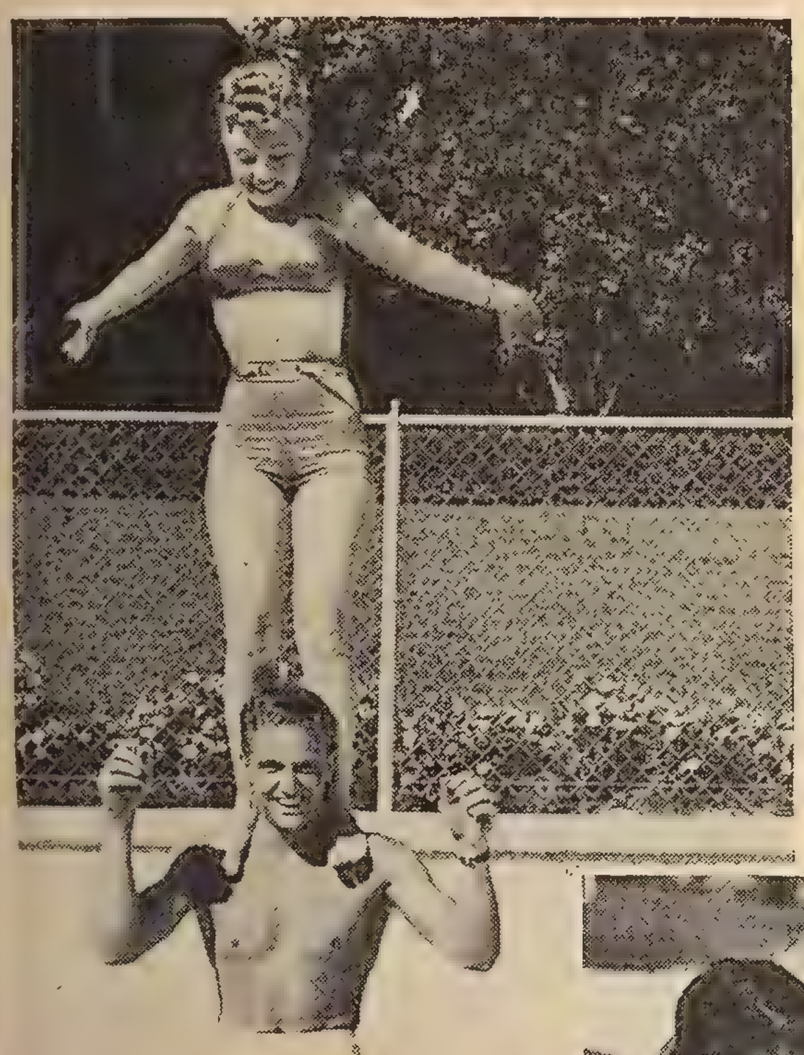
LONG and SHORT of It!

Bob, a perfect specimen of manhood, will be in the new Marlene Dietrich picture.

Phyllis is effortlessly tossed around by Bob as if she were as light as a tiny feather.

Handsome Robert Stack is six feet three, while petite Phyllis Ruth is scarcely five feet

Bob Stack came into fame as the first fellow to give Deanna Durbin a screen kiss. Phyllis Ruth appears with Ad Randall in Monogram westerns. Like Bob she's an excellent swimmer.



Bob is in the cast of "The Mortal Storm" which features James Stewart, Margaret Sullavan and Frank Morgan. He is one of the most athletic of screen stars, being an expert at polo, boxing, handball and gymnastics.





Ann Sheridan has little trouble winning away a native's attention in this frolicsome scene from "Torrid Zone," in which she appears with Jimmy Cagney and Pat O'Brien. Also featured is Andy Devine.



Carole Landis and John Hubbard make an excellent team as Tim and Sally Willows in Hal Roach's hilarious comedy, "Turnabout."

Messieurs

Direct From Hollywood

EDISON, THE MAN

ANOTHER ACADEMY AWARD PERFORMANCE BY TRACY—*M-G-M*

SPENCER TRACY gives another of his superb performances which will probably bring him in another of those Academy Awards comes next February. As Thomas Edison, young man, and old man, Spencer is simply excellent, and his is a performance you don't want to miss seeing. Although authentic, biographically and historically, the picture has a great deal of humor in it and, unlike most biographical pictures, is first rate entertainment. Key events in the life of Edison are picked on and dramatically portrayed, beginning with his invention of the stock ticker and climaxing with the thrilling invention of the electric light. The scene in the picture where Edison pulls the switches and floods New York with light is one of the most exciting scenes ever to be filmed. Edison's romance is told delightfully, as is his home life with his children. Rita Johnson plays Mrs. Edison. Stand-outs in the fine cast are Charles Coburn, Gene Lockhart, Henry Travers, Lynne Overman and Felix Bressart.

TORRID ZONE

HOT STUFF!—*Warner Brothers*

LAID in Central American banana plantations this comedy-drama teams the Messieurs Jimmy Cagney and Pat O'Brien in one of those fast talking Quirt-Flagg feuds. It's the job of Jimmy and Pat to move the bananas out of the banana country and they receive quite a bit of stiff opposition from the local bad men, headed by one George Tobias, who turns out to be one of the funniest people you've ever seen. In fact, Mr. Tobias practically steals the picture. Ann Sheridan plays a lady card shark, who convincingly gets stranded in the seaport and preys upon the pocketbooks of the banana company employees. The plot has to do with Pat's efforts to keep Jimmy from quitting and returning to the states, which he is constantly threatening to do. Pat finally manages to get Jimmy involved with Ann, and they end up in each other's arms. You can't think about the states with an armful of oomph. This is a fast moving robust picture, and your Aunt Hattie won't exactly approve of Ann Sheridan.

THOSE WERE THE DAYS

A COLLEGE COMEDY OF 1904—*Paramount*

HERE he is—good old Petey Simmons, right out of Siwash College, just as



William Holden does a bit of showing-off to Bonita Granville's delight as they peddle along on their bicycle-built-for-two in "Those Were The Days," which also boasts of Ezra Stone, the Broadway comedian.

George Fitch wrote about him in his famous "Siwash" stories. Petey is played by William Holden in peg-topped pants, skirt-tailed coat, bulldog shoes, flat-topped hat, and mandolin. This picture, as you've probably suspected, dates back to the good old college days of 1904, when life at college was really something. Petey, the insufferable cocksure freshman, gets in one jam after another, but finally falls in love with Bonita Granville, the judge's daughter. It's a light, easy-going picture with lots of laughs, and lots of early Americana—bustles, leg o'mutton sleeves, corsets, gas light, and the horse and buggy. Such grand old songs are revived as "On a Bicycle Built for Two," "In My Merry Oldsmobile," and "In the Good Old Summertime." Judith Barrett, Ezra Stone, and William Frawley stand out in the cast.

WATERLOO BRIDGE

SEE IT, BY ALL MEANS—*M-G-M*

VIVIEN LEIGH and Robert Taylor are teamed most happily in this remake of love and tragedy during the First World War. Vivien, in a role as different from Scarlett O'Hara as possible, gives another superb performance and proves conclusively that she is not a one-picture-sensation. Bob, all done up in a mustache that gives him a certain something, also comes through with a grand performance, which most certainly will put him right back on top again. The story is that of Myra, the little ballet girl, who meets Captain Roy Cronin in an air raid shelter. They fall in love and are about to be married when Roy is called suddenly to the front. Believing that her lover is dead, poor little Myra, on the verge of starvation, becomes a street walker. Of course, Roy returns—and, of course, there is a tragic ending. As Myra and Roy, Vivien and Bob make as handsome and as appealing pair of lovers as you'll ever see. The story's on the sentimental side, but women will like it. In the capable cast are C. Aubrey Smith, Lucile Watson, Virginia Field and Madame Ouspenskaya.

OUR TOWN

HOLLYWOOD MAY WELL BE PROUD OF IT—*Sol Lesser*

SOL LESSER'S film production of Thornton Wilder's famous play is, without a doubt, one of the finest motion pictures ever to be put on the screen. All who saw the play pronounced it the most exquisite and heart-touching drama they have ever seen, and the very same

[*Continued on page* 76]





Below: A dressing-room scene from "Waterloo Bridge," showing Vivien Leigh and Virginia Field surrounded by a bevy of fellow ballet dancers. Robert Taylor plays opposite Vivien. A picture to definitely see.

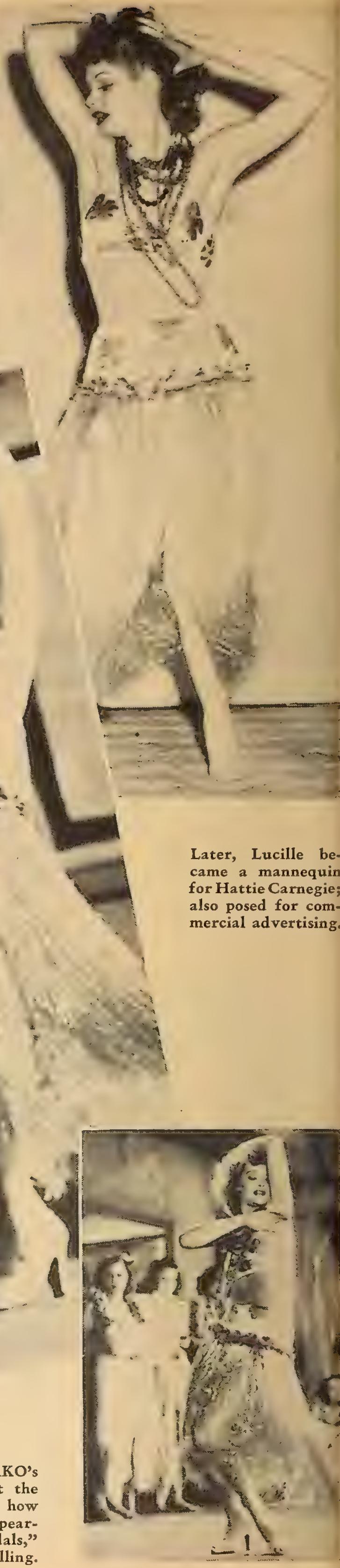
Top: Dorothy Lamour is a bit bewildered in finding a bottle of liquor in "Typhoon," but it's only a calling card of Bob Preston and Lynne Overman. *Above:* Alice Faye and Don Ameche in "Lillian Russell."





Above: Rita Johnson and Spencer Tracy as Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Edison in "Edison, the Man." He's telling her all about the phonograph he's just invented.

A BALL OF FIRE!

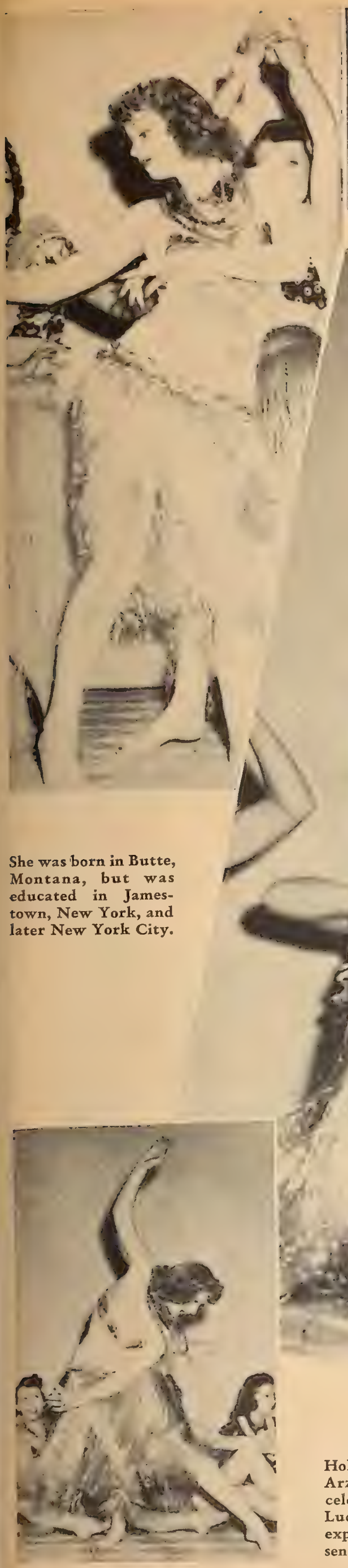


Lucille Ball used to be a chorus girl for the late Florenz Ziegfeld, so it wasn't necessary to get a double for her when the script of "Dance, Girl, Dance," called for her to do a hula dance. In fact, her first professional appearance was in the chorus of Ziegfeld's "Rio Rita," later made into a film.

Later, Lucille became a mannequin for Hattie Carnegie; also posed for commercial advertising.

Lucille was one of the mannequins in RKO's "Roberta," and photographed so well that the studio signed her to a contract. That's not how her movie career started. Her first screen appearance was as a show girl in "Roman Scandals," it being made possible because of her modelling.

Luscious Lucille Ball does a torrid hula in "Dance, Girl, Dance," her latest RKO film





In "Dance, Girl, Dance," co-starring Maureen O'Hara and Louis Hayward, Lucille heads the featured cast which includes Mary Carlisle and Virginia Field. She plays the part of Bubbles White, a gold-digging rival of Maureen O'Hara who's known as Judy O'Brien.

She was born in Butte, Montana, but was educated in Jamestown, New York, and later New York City.



Hollywood's only woman director, Dorothy Arzner, directed the film and its producer is the celebrated Erich Pommer. It's a grand role for Lucille whose popularity has increased beyond all expectations. Lucille is unmarried; has a grand sense of humor; and wishes she wasn't so tall.

Pictures on the Fire!

Visits to the various sets to watch them make the pictures you'll soon be seeing

By Dick Mook

SUMMER grows hotter, earthquakes rock sunny California, war tears Europe and empires totter and fall, but the studios keep right on going full blast. And, thank heaven, there are only a few of the ever lasting and tedious biographies being made. I started to say it is hard to know where to start, but when Myrna Loy is working the answer is apparent. We start at—

M-G-M

"PLACES!" calls Director Van Dyke, and I am all set to watch Myrna and Bill Powell. According to the story, Bill has returned from a cruise, a victim of amnesia. Until she tells him he doesn't even know Myrna is his wife. But she also tells him she is about to divorce him. He tries to reconciliate her, but—no! She will scarcely even talk to him. So, one night he goes into the kitchen and starts banging skillets together in the middle of the night. Her mother, who knows they still love each other, makes Myrna go down there to him.

"All right," she says dryly as she enters the kitchen, "you can relax now."

"Kay!" he exclaims. "You came to me!"

"Wild horses couldn't keep me away," she rejoins bitterly. "Want some eggs?"

"More than anything in the world," he tells her and then adds, "almost."

So she throws together some eggs and they split a bottle of champagne. "This is a good idea—even if it was yours," Myrna concedes.

"Careful, madam," he cautions her. "You'll turn my head with your pretty flattery . . ."

"I wish I could turn your head—on a spit, over a slow fire," she responds.

"Isn't that a teeny-weeny bloodthirsty?" he asks her. "Makes my blood run cold."

"Your blood was cold to begin with," she remarks indifferently.

"I wish you'd forget about the past," he whines. "I could show you the most wonderful game of two-handed post-office."

"I'd rather kiss that waffle iron—blazing hot," she begins as she starts to sip her coffee. One sip, though, and she reacts explosively. "What did you put in that coffee?"

"Just a little rum, darling," he informs her mildly. "We were talking about kissing, I think."

"We had better have an understanding," Myrna announces firmly. "I am in this house simply to convince the general public I am still your wife."

"All right," Bill challenges her, "convince me—*I'm one of the public."*

"That strikes me as a pretty rotten thing to say about the public," she squelches him.

"You're certainly making me pay for these eggs," he winces.

"You're not even eating them," she notices.

"I'm not hungry, really," he admits.

And that's when Myrna hits the ceiling. "You got me up out of bed and spoiled my sleep—but you're not hungry? You don't want to eat your nice scrambled eggs?"

"No, dear," says Mr. Powell, gently.

"Then wear them!" she howls, beaning him with them.

"Hello, Dick," says Myrna to me when the scene is finished and I know that at last I'm *in*. It's the first time she ever has recognized me except when I go to interview her.

Of course, Myrna is always beautiful, but today in her baby blue quilted satin negligee she is so extraordinarily beautiful that I stand and gawp at her like a high school kid.

"H-how do you like your new house, now that you're in it?" I ask inanely, forgetting that she has lived there for almost three years and it is no longer new.

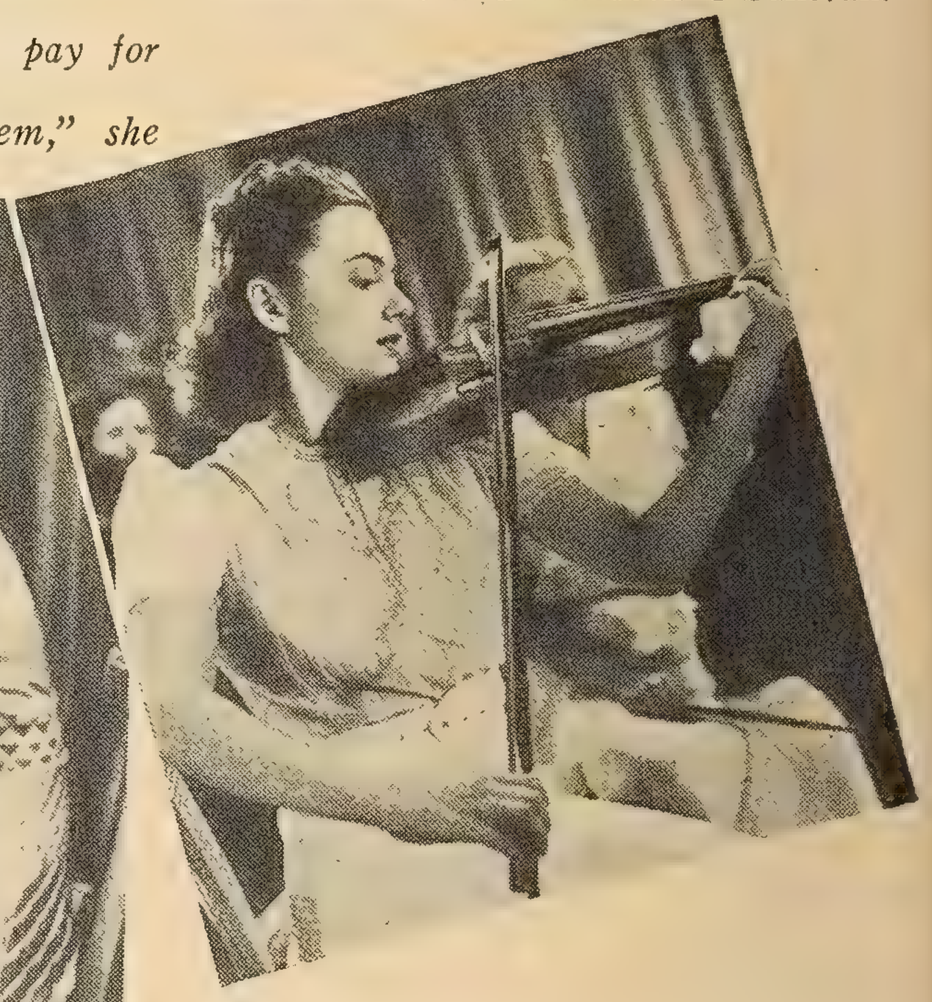
"I love it," says Myrna. "You should see the gardens. Come up sometime."

Well, it goes without saying that for the rest of the day I was walking around in a trance and even if I had met Wendy Barrie I'd be apt to think I was facing Dusé or if I met Shirley Temple's mother I might even think she was *Glinda* from "The Wizard of Oz" . . . that is, until she started talking.

* * *

IN a daze I wander around the M-G-M lot (*"Come up sometime." Of course, that's pretty indefinite but, even so*) and finally land on the set of "One Came Home," which features Robert Young, Lewis Stone and Maureen O'Sullivan.





Left: William Powell and Myrna Loy in a scene from "I Love You Again," which our correspondent watched being made and describes for you in detail with dialogue included. *Above:* Olivia de Havilland playing the violin in a scene for "Episode." She really can't play the instrument and it's amusing to learn how it seems she really is.

Bob makes a precarious living by racing a couple of stale horses and by acting as a super-tout. He has just finished selling a sucker a bill of goods when he sees the track detective approaching. That's Tom Kennedy. "Hi, Grantly," he greets Mr. K. effusively. "How you doing, boy? Glad to see you."

"Yeah?" counters Mr. Kennedy dryly. "Old friend from the home state, I suppose," nodding in the direction of the departing sucker.

"Right," Bob agrees. "Came down from Virginia to see the races. A Mr. Charles."

"Sounds familiar," Kennedy opines. "Can't you think of any other name to hang on these chumps, but Mr. Charles?"

"Don't call any friend of mine a chump," Bob blazes. "When I give a man a horse—it wins!"

"I'll remember that," Kennedy agrees. "And if I catch you giving one of those so-called winners to a—'Mr. Charles'—we'll make a trip to the front gate!"

"That so!" Bob expostulates giving him a dig in the chest with his forefinger. "Well, get yourself a bet on my horse Skipper *in the fifth."*

Mr. Kennedy whips out his program, momentarily forgetting his antagonism, and scans it eagerly.

"See you later—'Mister Charles'," Bob grins as he saunters off.

The scene is finished and Bob comes up. "'lo, Dick," he says.

[*Continued on page* 79]









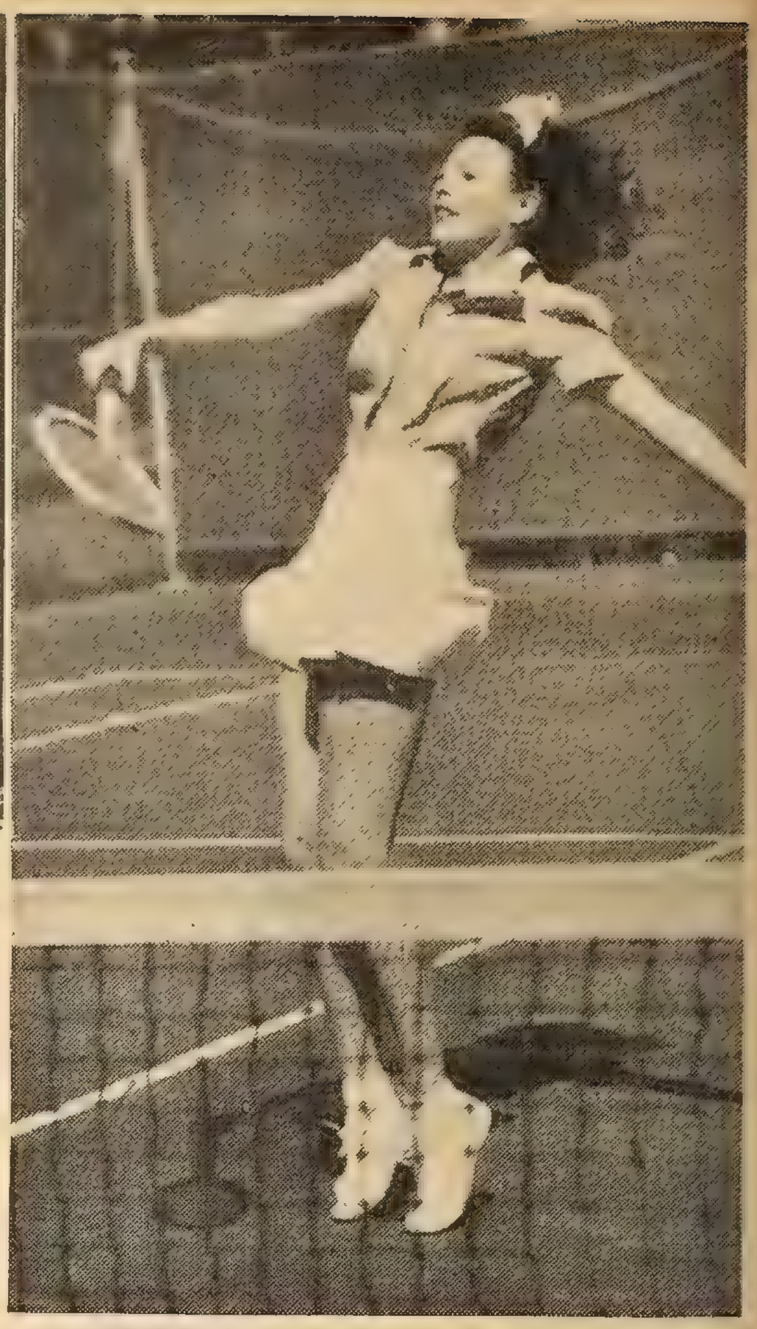


Upper right: **George Brent, Virginia Bruce, William Lundigan and Richard Barthelmess in "The Man Who Talked Too Much." *Extreme right:* Laraine Day and Joel McCrea in "Foreign Correspondent." *Right:* Eugenie Leontovitch and gorgeous Mary Beth Hughes in "Four Sons."**

Above: **Effie Tillsbury does a bit of six-shootin' in "Comin' Round The Mountain," which is Bob Burns' last picture for Paramount. *Right:* A novelty scene from "Dancing on a Dime," which Dick Mook watched being made at Paramount and describes for you. The girls are Grace MacDonald, who is the blonde, and Lillian Cornell. The nameless gentlemen are all wearing plaster masks.**







Left: Anne Nagel, Constance Moore and Peggy Moran frolicking at the beach. *Above:* Rita Hayworth and hubby Eddie Judson at Ciro's. *Right:* Wendy Barrie, whose latest is "Cross Country Romance," is a tennis champ.

Topics For Gossip

of Chauchoin, Claudette's real name.

Mickey Rooney is going elegant now, and everybody is complaining bitterly. No longer does he call all the girls "Toots."

Ann Sheridan blushed the color of her own red hair when she returned to the set the other day a whole hour late. "My, my," said the director, "that Mr. Brent is certainly a fascinating fellow."

Amusing sights on the Warner Brothers lot: Edward G. Robinson and young son Manny both having their pictures taken in Napoleon costumes.

Maybe Lana Turner is starting a new fad, and maybe she isn't, but she appeared at the Brown Derby with hubby Artie Shaw the other night wearing a big green taffeta bow on the back of her head.

[Continued from Page 21]

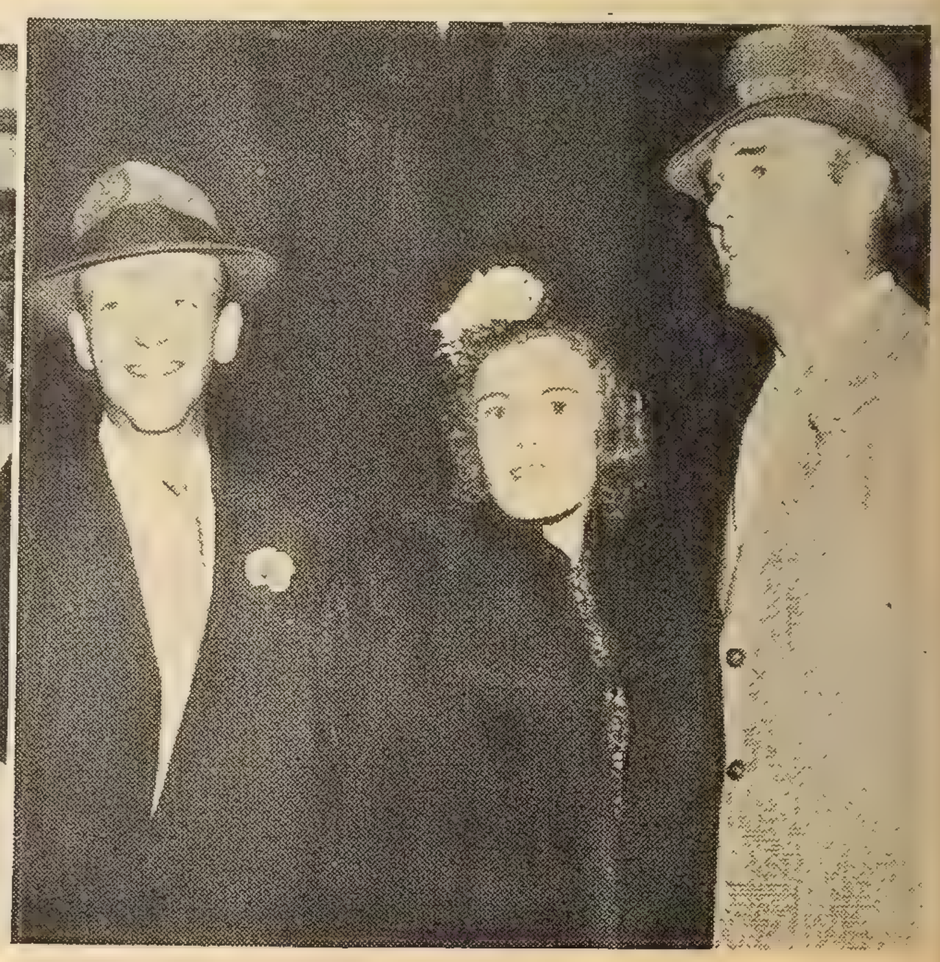
Bette Davis, just back from a vacation in Honolulu, says that since her visit to the Pacific paradise she is completely flower-conscious. She reports that one of the most beautiful things she saw in the Islands was the train, yards and yards long, and made solidly of flowers, worn by the Queen of Lei Day at her coronation ceremony. May the first is Lei Day in the Islands and everybody goes on a flower jag. Bette learned the "language of the flowers" while in Honolulu and thinks it would make it much easier on the columnists if the stars would adopt it here. A flower over the right ear means that the girl is looking for someone. A flower worn over the left ear means that she has found someone. And a flower worn on the top of the head means that she has found someone, but is still looking. Bette, unfortunately, wore no flowers the day we saw her, so we don't know how goes the Davis-Taplinger romance.

Left: Alexander Korda, his wife Merle Oberon, and Greer Garson listen attentively as Benny Thau explains a point. *Right:* The Fred Astaires with Randy Scott at premiere of his latest, "My Favorite Wife."

According to Paulette Goddard, there's nothing like walking to keep a good figure, and Paulette who has the most beautiful chassis in Hollywood, ought to know. Paulette claims that she gets up each morning at six o'clock and takes a mile walk in Benedict Canyon near her home. We'll never check on that one.

Bette Davis can consider herself snubbed by a hula dancer. When she was









Left: **Jeffrey Lynn entertains his sister from Massachusetts at preview of "Our Town." *Right:* Director Raoul Walsh helps Silver Screen's glamour-girl photographer line up Alan Hale, Ida Lupino and George Raft.**

visiting in Honolulu, the Hallidays had her over for lunch one day at their beautiful home there and when they heard that she liked to see the Hawaiian hula dancers Mr. Halliday called up the best of the hula dancers and asked her to come over and dance for Bette Davis. But the hula dancer informed Mr. Halliday that she had already worked *two* days that week and that was enough. We are leaving for the Islands immediately.

Jon Hall has the biggest "fleet" of vessels of any of the Hollywood stars. He already owns a sailing boat, a speedboat, and an outdoor speedster. When he finished "South of Pago Pago," Producer Edward Small made him a present of the outrigger canoe which came originally from the South Seas, and which Jon had paddled around in for days during the production of the picture.

Lunching in the Green Room at Warner Brothers the other day, we saw Ann Sheridan and George Brent at one table together, at the next table Bette Davis and Bob Taplinger, and at a table in the corner Olivia de Havilland and Jimmy Stewart. Love, love, love, all over the place.

There seems to be the making of a good feud at RKO. Ginger Rogers and Carole Lombard have adjoining dressing rooms, with the customary tissue paper walls, and Ginger, to Miss Lombard's distress, has discovered culture. All during the noon hour, Ginger sits in her dressing room and plays Mozart, Beethoven, and Brahms on her Capehart. Carole manages to talk above the music, which annoys Ginger, so she makes the music louder. Carole, in the next dressing room, makes her voice louder. And so on. So far, Miss Lombard has managed to make more noise than Miss Rogers' Capehart.

Alice Faye is being fought over by boy friend Sandy Cummings and ex-husband Tony Martin.

The Vincent Prices are expecting the stork very shortly now, and so are the Lloyd Nolans.

Well, sisters are sisters, all the world over, even if the sisters are famous movie stars. Priscilla and Rosemary Lane visited the studio the other day, and Priscilla was as cute as everything in a snood. "I like hats better," said Priscilla. "I can get a hat on in a few seconds, but a snood takes me ages."

"And when you get it on," said Rosemary cheerfully, "you look like a cocker spaniel."

According to Shirley Temple's mother, Shirley will not accept any radio or movie offers before next year. She is enrolled in an exclusive school for girls in Brentwood and her family has requested that no one discuss motion pictures with her. It must be awfully strange for Shirley, who has been before the camera ever since she can remember, to find herself suddenly with a lot of girls discussing "dates" and the next day's algebra lesson.

The best description of a woman's pocketbook was given by Bing Crosby in the Paramount restaurant the other day. He happened to look into Dorothy Lamour's bag when she opened it to powder her nose and hastily said, "Honey, that looks like a gypsy camp."

Hedy Lamarr is discarding her dirndls and is going in for all white summer slack suits worn with brilliant bead necklaces.

The nearly lost art of taffy pulling ought to be revived after the release of "Susan and God," in which picture Joan Crawford and Fredric March, as the parents of cute little Rita Quigley, stage a taffy pull for her.

The newsboy on one of Hollywood's busiest intersections had every reason in the world for thinking Ida Lupino had lost her mind. In fact, that's exactly what Ida was doing. She took advantage of the stop signal to rehearse the mad scene in her new Warner picture "They Drive By Night." Oblivious to the boy standing there beside her car, Ida went into her mental eclipse. The kid took one look at her and ran for the policeman on the corner. When faced by the Law, Ida apologized sweetly for causing them any concern—while the traffic jammed up behind her.





Left: **John Hubbard gets a "bumps-a-daisy" from Carole Landis as he dances with his wife at Hal Roach party. *Right:* Barbara Read and Maureen O'Hara get a greeting from canine fans while horseback riding.**

The Wild Oats of Dennis Morgan

[Continued from page 25]

even then, he could have sung a candy heart out of Gargantua. No one took exception to that title *except* his mother. (*She knew how tender the little boy could be.*)

But he was a rapscallion of a kid. He used to trap animals in the Northern woods he loves. On one memorable occasion he saved the musk of an unwary skunk, sneaked into the schoolhouse, threw the stuff all over the place. The school had to be closed for four days, fourteen of the desks had to be burned.

They never knew who did it. He was always being "Wanted" and never "Found." He was always going scot free. No one could keep up with him. No more can I. Trying to write a piece about him is like going big-game hunting with a broken-down Underwood. I'll simply have to daub the canvas of this story with splotches of color and hope that, when I'm done, you'll get your man.

Like when he was in grade school he fell in love with his teacher. "It was," he explains, "the mother-complex sort of thing, as common to small boys as the measles." (*An international epidemic, too, no doubt, for I recall that the same blight "smit" Charles Boyer in France!*) Less commonly, perhaps, but providentially, Teacher must have had a son-complex, too. Because "Toughie" got away with everything in that grade, short of murder. Teacher liked to hear him sing, you see. That voice of his, being golden and fresh and strong, blazed easy trails for him. Trails he took, but *all* of them.

He used to take off his shoes in the dead of the Northern winter and skid on the ice, on a dare. Other boys who took the same dare had their feet frozen solid. Not "Toughie's."

Later on, in Chicago, he once shared an apartment with John Carroll (*you saw John in the Congo with "Maisie"*). John had two baby-grand pianos. Under each baby he kept a machine gun. In the bathroom and elsewhere were other guns. The apartment was an arsenal. But there's not a notch on "Toughie."

When he was working in his father's lumber camp in Wisconsin, he escaped death by a paper-thin margin. The logs piled up there on the skidway wavered one day, one of them, weighing thousands of pounds, got loose on the runway, did a breakaway and Dennis was square in its thundering path. He *jumped the right way*. He always jumps the right way.

"The guy next to me," he said, "was damn near killed, mashed up pretty bad."

Once, in Chicago, he was "awful hard up." After he'd spent his last copper and just before famine set in, he got a job singing in a musical presentation on the stage. He sang the featured song. His salary was $75.00 a week. Come pay-day, he grabbed the "dough," laid it down for a few minutes on the bureau in his hotel room, went to wash up preparatory to going out to eat and when he came back, it was gone. Every cent of it. A little fellow who played a waiter in one of the skits on the bill with him, took up a collection for him. He got *$78.50*.

On a football tour, during college days, the team went to Chicago. The game over, Dennis and a pal were in the station waiting for the train. They saw two girls. They missed the train. They had 65 cents between them. They borrowed $10.00 from the girls and went out with the girls and spent it. The money gone, they escorted the girls home, then how to get back to Carroll College, Wisconsin, was the question? They made a round of the bars. Dennis sang. He sang *Annie Laurie* and *Loch Lomond* and the bar-keeps sobbed into snifters of Scotch and gave the boy cash instead of free drinks. They got back to school, Dennis and pal, well-heeled and on time.

Dennis paid his way through school by being a choir boy in various churches. "There were quite a few choir-room romances," he told me, "I had a romance in every denomination." And not a denomination, or a damsel, denounced him.

He had a dance band at college, too. He played the trombone. Four football players joined his band. They used to tour all the resorts in the Northwest, they wore flashy outfits and made many conquests. And not a shot-gun marriage on, or off, the records. Wherever Dennis sowed a Wild Oat, it seems, heartease grew and purred at him.

In High School, in Marshfield, Wisconsin, to which the family removed when Dennis was ten or eleven, he was on the Debate Team. He always had a tendency to talk too fast, he told me, when he got worked up. On the night of the big, annual debate, he planted his sister Dorothy in the audience, cautioned her to wink at him if he began to spiel it off. When he was done, the audience roared applause. "Well," he said to Dorothy, "guess you didn't have to give me the wink this time, huh?" Said Dorothy, "I winked *all the way through, but you didn't pay any attention to me.*" Which serves to demonstrate the magnificent abandon and absorption of Dennis in anything he does. Not for him the winks and shrugs and nudges, his pattern calls for huger gestures.

He can hold his own with the lumberjacks of the Wisconsin timberlands, tremendous men who can, when drunk, tip pool tables on end and play Catch with them . . . and he can make love in the moonlight with the tremulous delicacy of a Shelley . . . a Bad Man to cross in Love or War, I'd guess.

In Marshfield High School Dennis met the girl who was to become his wife. They were both fifteen when they first met. It was on Armistice Day. She was selling poppies. Something unalterable happened, then, to Dennis' alterable heart. Unblushingly he told me, "It was love at first sight." Unblushingly he added, "Of course, she's had a hell of a lot to put up with."

For Dennis was to know many vicissitudes and many loves, was to take many roads to many romances before his wedding day. But throughout them all he told himself "This is IT." And it was. And still is. Mr. and Mrs. Dennis Morgan are —but let Dennis speak for himself, no-one is better able—

"Reason I'm so happy with my wife," he said, "is that we do things together. We fish, hunt, go to baseball games, golf, ride, dance together. She likes the theatre, she likes music, not because *I* like them, but because she *really* does. She's about ten women in one. And that," said Dennis, with a broad and unabashed wink, "that's the answer."

And there are two little Morgans (*or Morners, too*) Stanley and Kristin. Kristin named after *Kristin Lavransdatter*, one of his wife's favorite books. His ancestors were Scandinavian, you see, Dutch and Scotch, too.

Of his six-year-old son he said "the way I figure it, when he's in college I can go on double dates with him!" Well, if Stanley Junior is as smart as his young, Old Man, he'll do his dating solo, leave papa at home.



Lovely Rita Johnson whose stock took such a tremendous rise because of her magnificent performance as Mrs. Edison in "Edison, the Man." She's wearing slacks of heavy natural linen with a gay embroidered bodice.



One of the busiest players on the Universal lot is shapely Constance Moore who's now vacationing after completing "La Conga Nights."

So, then, in Marshfield, "Toughie" Morner went to High School, met his future wife, played basketball, football and baseball, was a track man, worked in his father's lumber camps in summer vacations, and discovered that the voice lodged in his lusty larynx might well make the desire to be a singer and actor (*long lodged in his capacious heart*) come true.

In Carroll College at Waukesha, Wisconsin, he was a member of Theta Alpha Phi, honorary dramatic fraternity, and Beta Pi Epsilon. He starred at tackle on the college football team (*later he was to play professional football and baseball whenever he was hard up*), organized a band and was soloist in the glee club. On occasions, not few, he'd spy some girl in the audience, her eyes swimming up at him while he was singing. Between numbers he'd tell his pal, 'Get her for me' and after he took his last encore, there she'd be!

While he was in college, he had a terrific case on a little girl in the Wisconsin back woods. She was blonde and unworldly and, it is to be feared, without defenses. But—

"All I did was write poetry to her," reminisced Dennis, "probably my only attempt at the Browning technique. It's next door to insanity when you write 'em poetry. I was next door to insane. I always am, when I'm in love."

But in spite of those biceps, Dennis is never the Cave Man he could so realistically be.

"The Cave Man stuff," he laughed, "is just being rude, doing the most unorthodox things, slapping women where they shouldn't be slapped, that sort of thing. It's not in my line. I believe in a cave man being a cave man *in a cave,* not in the ballroom or the garden."

Another dangerous and disarming thing about Dennis is that he has a different line for every woman. He says, "a set line, being consistently a smoothie or consistently knock-'em-down-and-drag-'em-out is acting, not natural impulse. All women are different and bring out different reactions in a man if his reactions are honest and natural."

In college there was the girl, Margo, we'll call her, who played with Dennis in "Smilin' Through." Now, Margo's boy friend and Dennis' future wife both happened to be away from the campus the night the play was given. It was arranged for Dennis to take Margo to the Pan-Hellenic Spring dance after the play. He did. And they stayed out all night, smilin' through at each other. Came the dawn, two of the fellows, friends of Dennis' but also friends of Margo's young man, saw them going into the Sorority House together.

"They were going to knock hell out of me," laughed Dennis, "but—I talked them out of it."

When Dennis finished college, he couldn't find a job. Not even as a lumberjack. One day he walked into a radio station in Milwaukee, sang a couple of songs, announced himself and remained there a year and a half, announcing his own songs and singing them.

From then on his experience was vast and varied. Tent-showing, for instance. For sixty consecutive one-night-stands he travelled on a Chautauqua circuit, the troupe caged in one small car with scenery and luggage strapped to the top and back, averaging 125 miles a day, putting on the opera "Faust" as a matinee, giving a concert at night. Frequently, they played to 4,000 people a performance.

And, of course, there was a girl!

". . . she sang Marguerite to my Faust," said Dennis, "I got very realistic with her for a time. We pitched our tent in beautiful locations, by dark lakes with loons calling and all that. In the duet scene where Faust and Marguerite are in the garden, I'd carry her out *and* carry her on, still being Faust and Marguerite, you know, far into the night . . . when you are first in the theatre, you know, every emotion is a real emotion, you imagine you are in love with the girl you're playing with, as you are supposed to be in love with her in the opera or play. The last night of that tour, I remember, we were in Chicago and we walked Michigan Boulevard all night long, that girl and I, feeling that the world had come to an end. I saw her again four months later and—*we were two different people.* The answer being that she wasn't Marguerite any more nor was I Faust. We were two other people, who were strangers . . .

"Besides, by that time there was Mimi. Mimi was just beginning to be mettlesome. Mimi might well have been the one Wild Oat to grow tares and nettles in my path except that, just in the slice of time, she fell in love with a millionaire's millions and she was saved for sables and I for matrimony. Because, of course, I never wanted to *marry* any girl, but the one girl.

"In spite of the little tap dancer in vaudeville," grinned one of the seven unsubdued devils in Dennis, "one of a team of four, she was. We had quite a routine, she and I, if I may put it that way . . ."

But to leave the loves and get back to the life of this Man Wanted . . . Dennis did radio work, which cast him in plays and all manner of programs; he did some seasons of stock through the Middle West; he did vaudeville; he continued the study of music. There were a couple of seasons of semi-professional baseball in the Northern Wisconsin State League and work in lumber yards and lumber mills when theatre or radio jobs were not.

It was Mary Garden who, having met him in Chicago where a presentation of "Carmen" was being planned, arranged for him to make a screen test in Hollywood.

He was first signed by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, under his own name, Stanley Morner. In two years he made one short, with Ann Rutherford, nearly went crazy, said things a politic young man doesn't say to Greatie, Biggie Producers, was released and did a show in Los Angeles, "The Student Prince." Paramount signed him "because he could sing," changed his name to Richard Stanley and he played a gangster. He nearly went screwy again, was released, signed by Warner Brothers where his name was changed to Dennis Morgan by Jack Warner, who likes Irish names. Which is all right with him so long as he likes the parts Dennis Morgan plays. So far, so good.

"So, here I am," he told me, beaming beardily, "satisfied, for a time, anyway. Settled down, at least geographically. You get temperance after awhile, you know. I believe in a fellow sowing his wild oats in the hot blood of his youth. It makes a man a safer husband for a woman, too. Especially in this business, more especially in Hollywood, where the women are terrific, the temptations as rich and luscious and irresistible as tropic fruit. If I were not pretty well immunized," said Dennis Morgan, his eyes with the blaze in 'em flicking Ann Sheridan, Brenda Marshall, Ida Lupino, lunching at nearby tables, "if I were not pretty well immunized," he repeated, and shuddered.

"But I've been around. I know how to live my life now, because I learned how. I know what I want. I want to do a couple of operas someday. I want to do concert work. I'd like to play the Red Shadow in 'The Desert Song' on the screen. I want to do some action pictures, not too many. I want my home in the valley, time with my wife and the kids, good friends, music. I want *just what I've got,*" said Dennis Morgan, "I sowed wild oats and, miraculously, I got a goodly harvest . . . my only boast is that I'm wise enough to know it."

Yes, *Watch For This Man,* he's Wanted. But not for Murder and not, oh, certainly not for Escape!

Don't Get Those Powells Wrong!

[Continued from page 27]

"You're my happiest married couple in Hollywood," I said reprovingly, "I can't have you and Dick quarreling."

"Listen," said Joan, and you have to love her for her matter-of-factness, so different from the elaborate chichi handed out by most of the stars, "all married couples have quarrels. Dick and I are no better, and no worse, than the rest of them. Of course," she continued with a laugh, "being an actress my dramatic scenes are probably more corny than those of most wives."

The last time the young and beautiful Mrs. Powell did her "farewell forever" scene at the Powell gate—an electric gate which undoubtedly gives a very modern touch to old melodramas—was about six months ago when Dick was starting out on his personal appearance tour. One of his trunks had been brought down from the storeroom and Joan was helping him pack it when she discovered a folder full of old letters.

"Why, Dick," she cried excitedly, "these are the letters you wrote me before we were married. I thought I had lost them. Why, they are the most precious things I possess. Do you know, you used to write me every single day, and you said the most beautiful things. Oh, isn't this sweet. Listen, Dick. 'My own, my sweet, my very own Angel of Desire—' "

"No kidding," said Dick, "did I write that?"

" 'It seems like an eternity since I held you in my arms,' " Joan continued. " 'Sitting here in my lonely room I can only see your eyes shining like sapphire stars in a summer sky!' Dick, that's so beautiful. You darling." Practically overcome by emotion, Mr. Powell's little bride of four years had to stop reading long enough to implant a big luscious kiss on his rather embarrassed puss, before continuing, " 'I'm sick, my darling sweet, because I can't be with you tonight, but I must drive to Palm Springs with Dr. Lippe.' " Joan stopped abruptly. The tears froze in her eyes. "You didn't go to Palm Springs with Dr. Lippe," she said in a voice you could cut with a razor, "that was the night you took that blonde hussy to the Trocadero. Don't lie to me. I know where you went. Palm Springs, my eye. And you had the nerve to write me that letter. You—You—"

"But I did go to Palm Springs," Dick insisted. "Now, darling, don't get upset. Honest, I did go to Palm Springs."

"How dare you stand there and lie to me, Dick Powell," Joan shrieked. "I happen to know that you were at the Trocadero with *that* creature."

"All right, all right, so what," Dick stormed back. "I only stopped there for five minutes to pick up Lippe and the dame asked me to buy her a drink. I went to Palm Springs, do you hear me. I went to Palm Springs with Dr. Lippe."

"You didn't," screamed Joan. "You had a date with that blonde."

"All right, all right, call me a liar!"

"Liar," screamed Joan, and hurried out to pack her bag.

After a good long bathroom sulk she



Irving Cummings, Jr., and his sweetheart, Nancy Kelly. The romance runs hot and cold, but does seem like the real thing most of the time.

realized how utterly foolish it was to get all upset over a letter that had been written nearly five years ago—and a blonde who never offered her the slightest competition.

One of the more recent Powell quarrels occurred of a Sunday afternoon, when Dick and Joan, with little Ellen in between them, were driving down to the beach. Joan looked down at Ellen and noticed that she was chewing gum.

"Don't you know you shouldn't give a twenty-months-old baby gum," Joan said to her spouse severely. "She'll swallow it."

"Oh, no, she won't," said Dick with great superiority. "I've taught Ellen to chew gum. You see, you've been at the studio so much lately that you don't even know what your own daughter can do. Ellen knows how to chew gum, don't you, darling? Daddy taught her."

Of course, Ellen chose just that moment to swallow her gum. Alas, poor Dick.

I suppose every marriage has had a "Frenchy" in it at some time or other. Joan admits that "Frenchy" made her so jealous that she could hardly work for a week, and she just couldn't decide whether to shoot Dick, or herself, or go to Chicago and shoot Frenchy.

It happened right after Dick returned home from his personal appearance tour, which included a most successful fortnight in Chicago. Joan was at home one night waiting for Dick to return from his broadcast when the phone rang and the operator announced that long-distance was calling from Chicago for Mr. Dick.

"Who wants to speak to Mr. Dick?" Joan asked curiously.

"Frenchy. He'll understand," said the operator.

"Mr. Dick isn't at home," said Joan, going into a glacial period.

When Dick returned hours later, worn to a frazzle after a harrowing rehearsal, Joan greeted him sweetly with, "You had a good time in Chicago, didn't you, dear?"

"I could have had," said Dick, wearily curling up on the couch, "if you had been with me."

"Um-um-um," said Joan with the friendliness of a cobra about to strike. "Here's the paper, *Mr. Dick.*"

"Thanks," said Dick, without batting an eyelash. "Did my beautiful little bride miss me tonight?" But Mr. Powell's little bride had retired to the bathroom to think things out.

The next afternoon, with Dick away again, the long-distance came through again. "Who is Frenchy?" Joan demanded icily of the operator. But she had cut off. Joan was almost in a frenzy. She even bit off a nail. A chorus girl no doubt. And probably a beauty.

Two nights later the call came through again. Dick was sleeping the sleep of the dead in his bed, so Joan answered.

"Mr. Dick," said the operator. "Frenchy calling. Mr. Dick will understand."

"Listen," said Joan, "Mr. Dick *doesn't* understand. Put Frenchy on. This is *Mrs.* Dick." Her hand shook so she could hardly hold the receiver. She'd tell that one where to head in. The nerve of her.

"Hello," a man's voice came over the phone. "Mrs. Dick? Tell Mr. Dick that Frenchy said Susie Q. in the third. He'll understand."

Frenchy, the beautiful chorus girl, who practically wrecked Mrs. Powell's health, turned out to be nothing but a racing code.

Dick likes to tell about the little talk that he and the Missus had a few days before their picture started production. They were going to be so sweet and generous about the whole thing. We must watch each other carefully, they said, when we are not in scenes together, and point out each other's faults, if any. Yes, indeed, they were going to be *so* sweet and *so generous about the whole thing.*

So the first day Joan watched Dick do a scene. Dick felt that he had done it awfully well and could hardly wait for his wife's praise.

"How was I, darling?" he asked enthusiastically.

"You were wonderful, honey," said Joan, "the way you read your lines, really wonderful. But honey, when you bent over, your double chin showed."

"Sweetheart," said Dick, "I haven't got a double chin."

Then it was Dick's time to watch Joan, and after the scene Joan hurried over for some nice husbandly advice. She got it. "You looked beautiful," said Dick. "And that bit of business you made up is simply perfect. But, sweetie-pie, when you stand there by the table your stomach bulges. Not much, but it bulges."

Joan was furious. Then Dick was furious. After several days they decided that they wanted no criticisms from each other.

And, of course, there was the little matter of billing in the picture. "You must have top billing, darling," said Joan generously. "The man's name always comes before the woman's—you know, like Mr. and Mrs."

"Oh, no, pet," said Dick gallantly. "You must have your name first. Joan Blondell *and* Dick Powell. I wouldn't think of having my name above yours."

Well, while they were gallantly arguing themselves into a state over billing Paramount stepped in and gave it to Joan. When Joan broke the news to Dick he simply said, "Ha, you won."

Their World of Tomorrow

[Continued from page 45]

somersaults at that first sight of her. Being a medical student he knew all the scientific and physical things there were to know about that heart. But emotionally it became as mysterious to him as it would to any young man betrayed into his first knowledge of love.

She was working in one of the industrial exhibits as a stenographer and they met the night before the Fair opened. There was an impromptu party for the youngsters working around the Fair grounds over in the Amusement Area and Sally was wondering whether she'd dare go up in the Parachute Jump when Allan came along.

Well, the upshot of it was that they went up together.

Afterwards, he took her on a tour of inspection of the Fair grounds, he pushing her chair and she leaning back and looking up at him and part of her feeling so happy and the rest of her so sad in the fear that it might not last. She thought it so strange she should feel like that. You see it was the first time she had ever fallen in love and she hadn't discovered yet how much fear is a part of its mad rapture.

It was at the Futurama he asked her to marry him. One of the guards of the exhibit had arranged to let them slip in through the press gate so that they wouldn't have to stand in line. And so one lunch hour they met and sat in one of the little cars going around the World of Tomorrow, their world as they called it, as it is the world of all young lovers. Today means so little when two youngsters are in love. Their eyes are turned on the tomorrow when they will be together always and there'll be no goodbyes and no clocks to tell them how soon they must part.

"It's going to be a long time, waiting," he told her. "I've got two years of Medical ahead of me and after that I'll be an interne and then. . . ."

"No, not *then. Now,"* she whispered. "Let's not wait and have things get stale and commonplace. Let's get married when everything is so exciting and thrilling. After all, I've always taken care of myself and I can keep on doing it until . . . ," she laughed and her laugh caught in her throat so that it became almost a sob. "Until you'll be giving me a diamond bracelet and a mink coat, because you'll be so rich and successful you won't know what to do with all your money."

It was the day after they had paid the first month's rent on the little apartment not far from the Fair grounds that a well known producer came to the Fair and chose Allan to take him on a tour of the grounds. Maybe it was because he already saw screen possibilities in the boy that he chose him. Certainly as far as looks went Allan had everything anyone could ask for in a movie hero.

But no one could have been more flabbergasted than Allan was when he asked him to go to Hollywood. He thought it was a joke at first. That's the way he told it to Sally. As if it were something they would laugh at together.

Sally didn't laugh though.

"Oh, Allan, how simply wonderful," she said.

"But don't you see," he told her. "I'm not an actor. I want to be a doctor. Ever since I was a kid I've dreamed about it. Dad never made much money, but he was the grandest guy I ever knew and I always wanted to be as much like him as I can. I felt I'd be betraying him, as well as myself, if I didn't carry on his work."

Sally didn't try to urge him after that. But somehow he knew how she felt. Maybe if he went to Hollywood he would have enough money to give her all the pretty things she wanted, the things all women adore. Even the apartment that had seemed so perfect before looked small and unattractive contrasted with the house they could have in Hollywood if he made good.

So, in the end it was he who suggested that he go. They'd wait to get married until after he went out there and saw how things were. And, if his screen test went over, he'd send for Sally immediately.

I remember the day Sally came out to Hollywood. I'd met her at the Fair for I was one of the party who came with the producer when he signed Allan up.

My heart sank when I saw her. It frightened me to see the way she already had begun to change. The last time I saw her she'd been wearing a simple summer dress and one of those wide-brimmed straw hats that are made for cute little girls like Sally and her manner had been just as casual and as unprepossessing as her clothes.

But now she looked almost brittle in her sophistication. She'd evidently spent her last cent on her wardrobe, one of those outfits that whispered of Paris before the war. It was the last word in smartness, but I liked Sally better the way she had looked before.

They had planned to be married immediately, but the next day Allan was called to the front office and told of the *no marriage* clause in his contract.

Allan wanted to marry Sally at once and leave Hollywood right then and there, but she wouldn't hear of it. After all, they could wait. Maybe in another year Allan would be such a success that he could dictate his own contract. And in the meantime they'd still be together. A year was a very short part of a life time.

I felt as if I could shake her when I saw the look in Allan's eyes when he told me about it. But when I saw her I could understand her view point, too. It wasn't that her feelings had really changed at all. She was still as mad about Allan as ever.

"Don't you see," she told me. "I've been poor all my life. I've always had to wear my cousin's hand-me-downs and I've never known what it was not to worry about losing my job and getting in a jitter every time I've had to dig into my little savings account. So, doesn't it seem silly to let luxury and security go, just because we're too impatient to wait until we can have all that and each other, too?

"Please don't misunderstand me. I'd marry Allan in a minute if he didn't have a cent. Just as I was ready to marry him before. But can't you see it's for his own sake as well as mine that I want him to stay. How do I know that he won't hate me afterwards for taking away his big chance?"

I have to admit Sally was convincing. But afterwards I wondered if she didn't regret her decision. After all, life in Hollywood isn't much fun for anyone who has to stand on the sidelines. And Sally was definitely on the sidelines when Allan started work as leading man for one of our most successful stars.

It wasn't really the studio's fault any more than it was Allan's or Sally's. The way the break came I mean. It was only the same routine every newcomer has to go through in Hollywood. The studio-made romances with the other beginners; the hectic pace that dictated his presence here and there; the way Sally had to be deliberately kept in the background.

She was a good sport about it at first. For it must have been hard for her reading about Allan being seen at Ciro's and the Beverly-Wilshire and all the other smart places about Hollywood with this girl and that. She must have had to grit her teeth many times when gossip writers hinted at possible romances. And the loneliness must have been unbearable at times.

For she couldn't be seen around with Allan and it wasn't much fun going around alone or spending evening after evening hoping the phone would ring and Allan could come over to see her. So, I could understand it when she began going around with one of the young publicity men at Allan's studio.

But Allan didn't understand. That was the beginning of the quarrels between them.

Now they were antagonists when they met. Sometimes they almost seemed to hate each other. Sally had never had screen aspirations for herself before, but soon all she talked about was the possibility of getting a test herself. Allan was furious when she mentioned it to him.

"Isn't one ham in the family enough?" he asked.

It was the first time I knew how deep the hurt of giving up his own career had gone. He didn't want to be an actor. I knew that the first time I saw the rushes of his picture. His heart wasn't in it and his acting showed it.

There were plenty of attractive girls waiting to comfort Allan and for the first time Sally began to show a real interest in the young publicity man who was rushing her.

It was he who got her the test at his studio. And it was he who came to her, too, and told her it had interested an important director.

Sally called me jubilantly and announced he was giving her a small part in his next picture. And when Allan called an hour or so later to tell me he had been released from the picture he was working on and was going back East, I didn't have the heart to tell him about Sally's chance.

Instead I tried to reach her on the telephone. But I couldn't. Maybe it would have made a difference if I had been able to get her. For Sally didn't know about Allan's failure when he came to her that evening. I know she wouldn't have been as triumphant about her own opportunity

[*Continued on page* 73]

It's True About Hollywood!

[Continued from page 37]

with those protestations emanating from Adolphe Menjou. He snorts over his reputation as the best-dressed actor. Because he fears being typed. Wives, who despair at their husbands' sloppy tailoring, will be interested to learn that Adolphe has customarily demanded five fittings on each suit, and there have been those occasions when he's had fifteen conferences on one suit! He's even ordered twenty-seven suits at one fashionable whack.

Robert Taylor and Barbara Stanwyck recently went to Ocean Park, a half hour's spin from Beverly Hills, to do the concessions. They had to ride the roller coaster exactly nineteen times before the fans on their trail grew discouraged and broke up. Another Saturday night, Bob and Babs decided to try window-shopping. They strolled from one end of Hollywood Boulevard to the other, and not a soul gave them the eye. Add that up. It's still a screwy burg!

To be sure that Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., begins the day in the brightest of spirits his wife has had special breakfast napkins made for him. They're snow white, with "Good morning, Doug" neatly embroidered in red. 'Tis said it's quite the smart trick to send one's mate off gayly, and it took an import from Virginia to think of it. (*Mrs. F. to you.*)

Do you suppose cinema stars are plain souls at home, abstaining from any touch of the theatrical backgrounds such as the studios provide during their working hours? Then you better not go home to play with Eleanor Powell! There's nothing homespun about her playroom. Because Eleanor eagerly plunked down cash for an entire movie set from one of her films—had it carted away to be her entertainment rendezvous. It's red, white, and blue, the walls are finished in cellophane to match the cellophane couches, and the ping-pong and pool tables are ultra-modernistic in the best Cedric Gibbons manner. Indeed, if Eleanor can't land a cute boy-friend *now* she's going to be off glamour for life!

Probably the most astounded husband in Hollywood has been none other than Errol Flynn. He had to *prove* he was married! It was the direct result of a suit filed against him by the Selznick Agency. Errol asserted the contract he signed, agreeing to pay the usual ten per cent commission for representation at his studio, was invalid because Lili Damita Flynn hadn't put her name on it. He insisted his earnings are community property, and her participation as a wife stalled any collecting by the Selznicks. Whereupon the agency retorted with, "He says he's married, but is he?" The judge backed them up. (*Yes, Errol and Lili eloped to Yuma, but it all goes to make things nice and complicated!*)

Bill Gargan, meanwhile, has acquired a distinction which few men aim for. He wore Garbo's false eyelashes in his latest picture at Metro! Not that Bill has gone coy on us. He simply burnt off his own lashes doing a match trick and the harassed make-up man simply reached for the first substitute. Bill's pals say he is "too, too divine" in the remaining scenes shot with the false ones. Garbo says nothing. But you wouldn't think she'd leave her lashes laying about like that, would you?

Stars are noted for their swank dressing-rooms. Ann Sothern's must be quite a notable exception. She has pictures of herself all around, framed appropriately. But they aren't new masterpieces from the portrait gallery. They're the silly gag and leg-art photos for which she had to pose when she was a beginner. When someone is tossing her too-extravagant praise, Ann merely interrupts with, "Uh-huh. Look at what I was doing eleven years ago on this same lot!" She may look voluptuous, but she's no dummy.

Diners at the smart Cafe LaMaze, on the Sunset Strip, were bewildered when Gladys George made an evening of it in the most chic cowgirl outfit. Tourists are almost as amazed when they gape at the stellar hands and feet in the cement forecourt at Grauman's Chinese Theatre. Grauman didn't stop where you'd call it a day. He has Charlie McCarthy's tootsies, Freddie Bartholomew's bare feet, and Joe E. Brown's mouth! Martha Raye contends he'll never get her to kiss any glob of cement. To blazes with posterity. Andrea Leeds became a Goldwyn heroine because she "enjoyed" four hundred and sixty-seven kisses in one single day. As little more than an extra she made romantic tests with three actors and did so well, Goldwyn chose her instead of any of the three actors.

Of course, for sheer temperament it's the directors and not the players who are tops. William Dieterle can't do a thing until he pulls his white gloves on neatly, Robert Florey persists in directing in blue overalls, Fritz Lang commands his performers to imitate him—and don't think Spencer Tracy liked that, or liked being branded a lousy actor by the thereupon irate Fritz. DeMille roars when balked. Van Dyke speeds the slowest as they've never sped before, and addresses the most dignified as well as the humblest people as "Honey."

If you've been wondering about the lack of stage experience for Hollywood aspirants, such directors as Van Dyke and George Cukor will tell you it isn't necessary. Says Van Dyke, "Being on the stage doesn't make you an actor. Hollywood wants personality, anyway." Cukor, who molded so many theatre names before he tackled the Coast, told me, "It's the other way around. Acting in films helps stage actors." He believes talent hunts are stupid. "Why don't producers give extras a break? Out of every ten extras I can find five with possibilities!" And Leslie Howard once said, "The less you know of stage technique, the better you'll be in the movies. In fact, children and dogs do the best acting in Hollywood. They're the most unaffected."

The glamour crowd now has its first dude ranch for dogs. Each dog sent there for a rest cure has its own house, equipped with a cedar bed, a sunbath platform, an individual eating bowl, and a large private runway. Ginger Rogers' dog is especially fond of getting-away-from-it-all in this fashion. Mary Brian (*remember her?*) is glad to advise that her chickens are laying once more, since she's had her henhouse air-conditioned. But referring to pets getting a Hollywood front, what about Greer Garson's cat bungalow? She put it on a small trailer, and when she went vacationing recently the trailer was tacked onto her car. "If Byron could travel over Italy with his pet goose, I'm going to take my cats!" Greer exclaims.

When one of our Hollywood beaux takes a girl out he never can tell how her other escorts will react. Randolph Scott, for instance, was a trifle late with his corsage the other night. A bunch of scallions had preceded him. The lady was a trifle upset until convinced a rival of Randy's had sent them.

Movie folk who attempt to do things in the grand manner come a cropper, also. Consider Wallace Beery. He transported an entire Santa Cruz farmhouse some four hundred miles. Installing it in the San Fernando Valley, he added pedigreed cows and chickens, fruit trees and a pony. His wife wasn't awed by this flare; she still Renovated him and remarried.

I hope we'll get through the summer without Cesar Romero knocking us cuckoo. Two hot spells ago his trousers and shirts were nearly all of gingham, patterned in tiny squares of black and white. There is no answer to this puzzler.

Richard Barthelmess, making a comeback, still has plenty of money left. But Mrs. Barthelmess is an interior decorator in her odd time and she's just "done" a place in Ohio by mail. The architect's plans were sent her, and she designed each room and then mailed them the specifications for the furnishings. Artie Shaw is composing song hits for a new picture, but his partner is in New York. They, too, use the mail to communicate their thoughts. Lana Turner buys another red dress whenever she thinks of it. She likewise drives the most scarlet red car you can imagine.

Yes, Hollywood is a place where Tyrone Power can whip through the garage gates into his own yard at forty miles an hour. He never has to step on his brake, either. When he's a specific yardage away the gates, via electric control, begin to open. Hollywood's a place where an extra at Universal, an old lady, gets $50 a week indefinitely; she began when the studio started and the new owners had to promise to retain her. Song stars like Crosby, Faye, and Garland can't read a word of music. Myrna Loy's maid, Theresa, hides Myrna's best handkerchiefs because Miss L. gets losing jags and Theresa gets worried about the diminishing supply.

It is the city where a life-sized picture of Ernst Lubitsch faced you when you entered his playroom the night of the day his twenty-fifth anniversary in films occurred. Later that same evening Peter Lorre enacted Ernst in a playlet written to dramatize the director's life to date.

[*Continued on page* 77]



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Absent-Minded Eddie

[Continued from page 39]

"Oh—uh—*say!!*" he exclaimed, a great light breaking over his face, and that embarrassed grin coming out (*you've seen it in the movies*). "Why, *yes!!* What do you know—Is this Friday? Wonder if there's any stuff for sandwiches around—"

Well, we went out to the corner delicatessen and to various other supply spots, and we came back and had a party at Eddie Albert's place. He was still juggling logs when we left.

That gives you a rough idea. Then, there's the time he used to tell about when he was singing in a trio, modestly termed "That Terrific Trio," over Station WLW in Cincinnati. It fell to Eddie's lot one day to pick up the music for the program. They were singing along, and everything went well until they came to the number, "Auld Lang Syne." Then the trio suddenly broke into a strange gibberish and looked at each other wildly. They struggled through the song, but at the end of the program, they pounced on a white and shaken Eddie. He had picked up a copy of "Auld Lang Syne" in pure Scotch version, and each member of the trio had a different idea of Scotch pronunciation. It was probably the most completely mystifying number ever presented on the air, thanks to Eddie's non-present mind.

In Hollywood, he is the same old Eddie. Directors tear their hair out while they hold up scenes until someone can find Albert. He loves to watch Bette Davis act, so during a rest period, he wanders over to watch Bette do a take on "All This and Heaven, Too." He becomes fascinated. He forgets that he is working across the street on "An Angel From Texas." After a search all over the lot, they find Eddie. But his coat is missing. Another search. They find it resting comfortably across the back of Bette Davis' make-up chair. One day, when they sent out a frantic man-hunt for Eddie, he turned up on the set all by himself, blissfully waving a letter.

"I've been in the incinerator," he said. "I had to find this letter I lost on the set yesterday. It had instructions about finding some pirate gold in it." Same old Eddie!

It's a wonder they get him to the studios at all. He always said his idea of heaven was a lodge in the mountains somewhere, with a fishing tackle, a gun, a piano, a riding horse, and plenty of books around —he hasn't got the lodge, but he has a house all to himself on top of one of the most isolated hills in Hollywood. His family have moved out there from Minneapolis, the home town, and Eddie is very devoted to them, but he lives alone and loves it. He's 32, and though his lost, absent-minded type is a terrific come-on for girls with maternal instincts, he's definitely a bachelor. A girl might interfere with that freedom of which he's passionately fond. Up there on his hill-top, he turns the phonograph on, puts on some of his fine records, and plays them full blast, if he feels like it. The nearest house is blocks and hills away. If he goes to sleep in the midst of the music, what does it matter? His records just play on all night. Nobody hears them. And, he can sing and play the piano, violin and guitar to his heart's content. You know, Eddie has a fine, well-trained voice, so pleasing that he was the performer chosen to sing, "This Can't Be Love," the hit song in the Broadway success, "Boys From Syracuse." Maybe the Hollywood bosses will wake up and put him in a musical, then you'll see just how versatile he can be. He's very literary, too. His collection of books is wonderful and, at last, he has a place where he can read undisturbed. Maybe he will even write some on that treatise on philosophy he's always had up his sleeve.

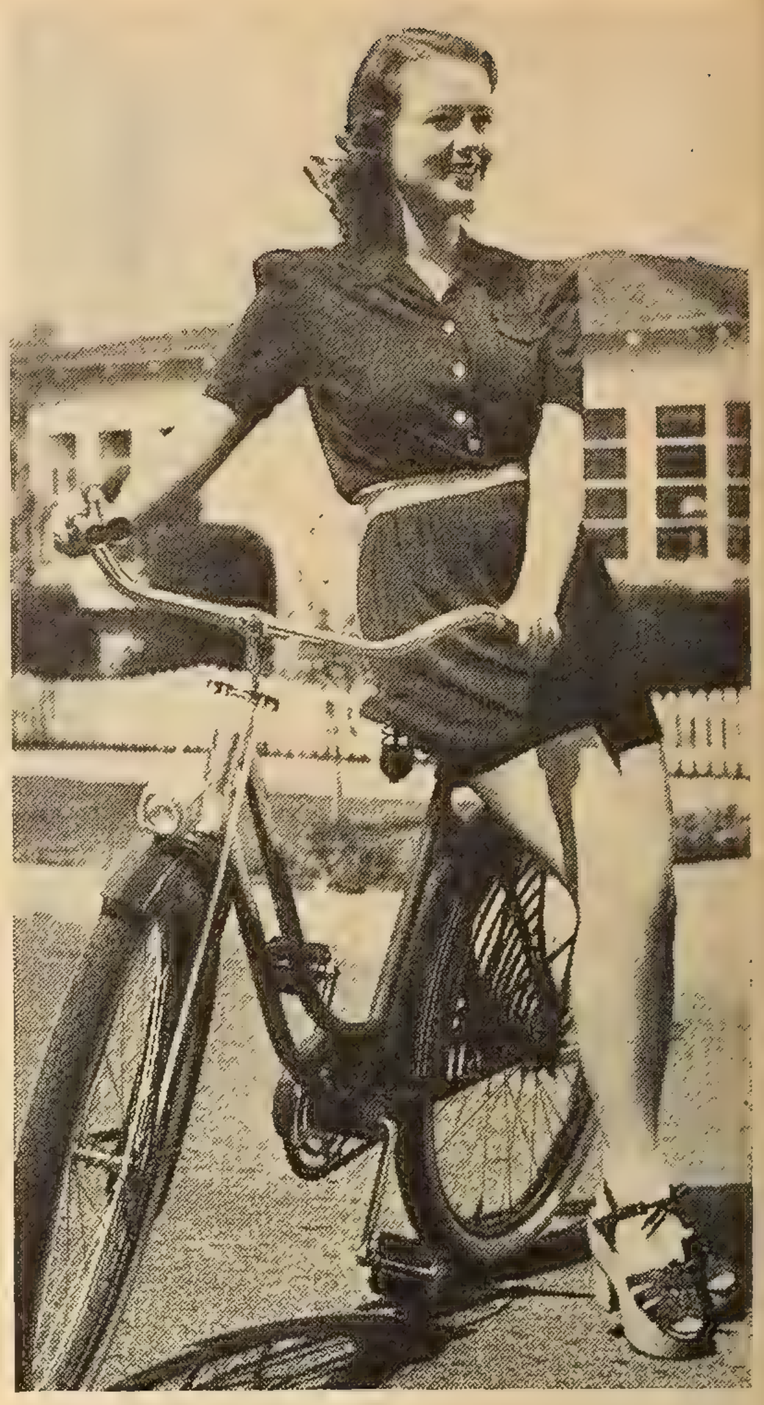
Most of his friends can't even find his house. There's only a dirt drive, practically a trail, leading up to it, and when it rains, driving is impossible. Eddie says that's when a breeches-buoy would help! Once a month, he invites a few guests for dinner. There might be a famous author, artist and musician one time. The next time, it's a group of Mexican lobster fishermen he has invited to visit him when they come to Hollywood. He speaks to them in bad Spanish and treats them like kings. But, then, Eddie treats everyone wonderfully. He has a tremendous interest in people and in anything that is a part of *real* life. His tastes are simple. He loves "nutburgers," those famous glorified hamburgers of Hollywood, and his favorite pastime is to drive out to the Nut Kettle on Sunset Boulevard and sit for hours, eating and reading a book or new play that has been sent to him. He is always looking for a good serious, romantic part that has something to say. He likes playing comedy, but, as he's a very ambitious actor, he doesn't want to be "typed."

Eddie likes, too, to find those groups at the Brown Derby and other popular dining spots who sit around reminiscing about the good old days. He is fascinated by tales of the early vaudeville stage, and down-and-outers often get a hand from him, as do talented young artists. He hasn't forgotten the days when he sang for his supper and the going wasn't easy.

Eddie won his success the hard way. But he was determined, right from the beginning. He was in the second grade at Clinton School, Minneapolis, when his first stage role came along. It seems that in a fairy story, there was a little pig who got into his butter churn and rolled down a hill to his house right past the mean old wolf who was waiting below to eat the piggy. Eddie played the part of the little pig and rolled about the stage so vigorously in his churn that the audience was roused to great enthusiasm.

His ambition toward the entertainment field was helped along as he grew older when members of the Minneapolis Symphony, who rehearsed next door to his father's restaurant, would come in and play records and talk about opera and the symphony. Eddie was all ears.

A steady determination carried him through the days when he was studying voice with the famous oratorio singer, Don Beddoe, at Cincinnati Conservatory, and when he was acquiring a thorough educational background at the University of



Newcomer Doris Davenport, who is Gary Cooper's leading lady in "The Westerner," favors bicycling.

Minnesota. It was not "all work and no play," however. Eddie was an all-around athlete and engaged in social activities as a member of Chi Phi fraternity. All of this, in spite of the fact that he did everything from jerking soda, and fighting in the prize ring, to managing a movie theatre to keep going financially.

But when he got a job on a Cincinnati radio station, singing with "That Terrific Trio," he felt that everything had been worthwhile, and he was on the road at last to being an entertainer. The trio was made up of Eddie, a boy named Herbert, and a girl named Grace. They were almost as good as they thought they were, so they soon tired of small town stuff and set out to slay New York. Grace was slender and brown-haired, and had the most contagious laugh in the world. She was destined to play a big part in Eddie's career. But, at that time, she had an "understanding" with Herbert, and Eddie was in love with a girl named Rose.

A few fruitless, disappointing months in New York, however, removed Herbert from the scene. It was in the late days of prohibition, and they had found rooms in the dingy Times Square section over an Italian speakeasy. They managed to keep their spirits up through the long period that followed when they camped on agents' door-steps, but couldn't get in, and radio stations paid no attention to them. But, when their slim supply of money was out, and Eddie had to go downstairs and sing Italian arias to the chef at the speakeasy to get a plate of spaghetti for them after two days without food, that was when Herbert decided he was going back to Minneapolis to be a business man. Grace determined to stick it out with Eddie. He was more her type, anyway, breezy and full of fun, able to laugh in the

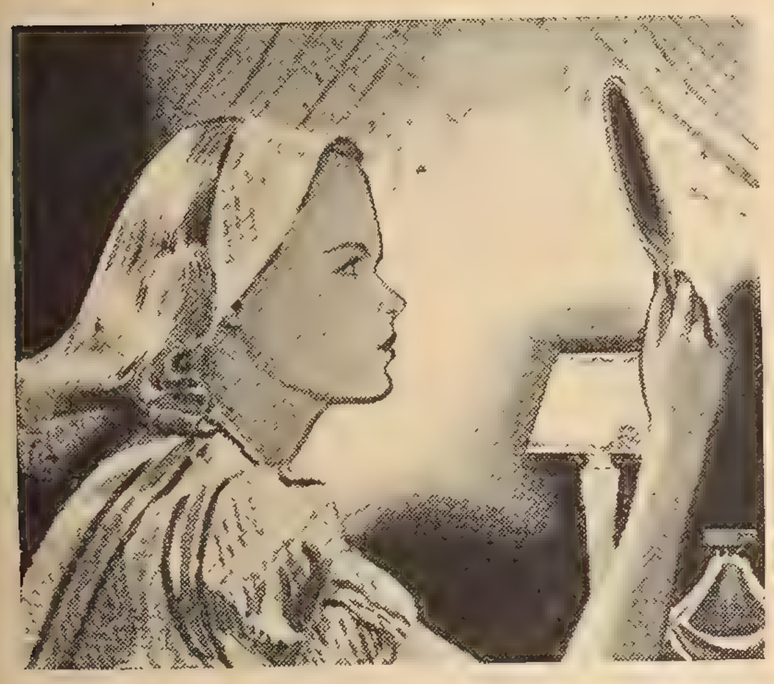
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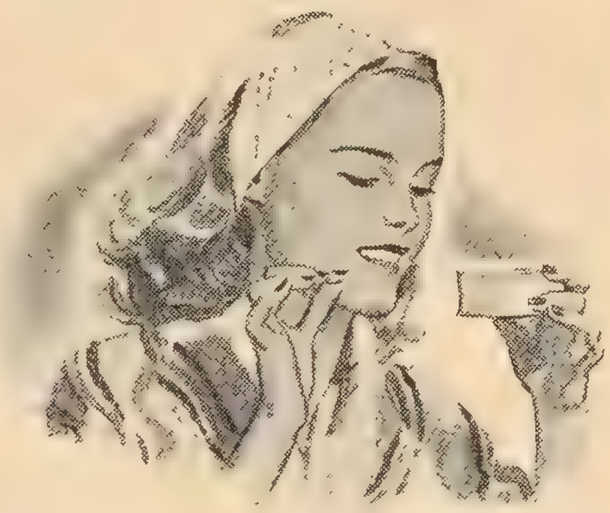
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face of starvation and worry. And, she had great confidence in his ability.

There was still a longer period of hard luck before that confidence was justified. But, finally, clever Eddie crashed through with a program idea that interested the National Broadcasting Company. He and Grace were signed for a daily period on the air as the "NBC Honeymooners," and, for several years, Eddie wrote the scripts and they both sang and enacted two of the most humorous and lovable roles radio ever has known.

All along, Eddie was ambitious to get somewhere on the stage and screen, and to develop his singing voice. Grace encouraged him. She helped him to rehearse his lines when he went to a dramatic coach and approved his decision to leave the air for a period to work in summer stock companies. She was right on hand, too, to applaud when he gave a concert in German lieder and English classic songs. She, herself, was studying voice and dramatics, but she realized that Eddie's was the great talent. They were terrific fun—always clowning, and getting a marvelous kick out of life, popular everywhere they went. What a pair! You couldn't think of Grace without Eddie, or Eddie without Grace. That would be like ham without eggs (*no pun intended there!*), a Scotch without soda.

Were they "honeymooners" in real life?

"Oh, we're too busy for that!" Grace would laugh. And, "Who said I proposed?" Eddie would counter, when questioned. "I just said I love Grace and she's the grandest girl in the world! She's sensational. She agrees with me in everything, and laughs at everything I say. She's interested in what I'm interested in, from honky-tonks to prize fights, from sculpture to opera. And, can she cook!"

Which gives you a rough idea of the Albert preference in women!

Maybe he did go into mourning, as they said, when Jane Bryan married. Maybe he does carry a torch for this Hollywood name and that. Maybe he did misplace Grace somewhere along the way. But, I don't think so. He *couldn't* be that absent-minded!

Betty Grable Makes Good—Again

[Continued from page 41]

to a question, "in St. Louis, Missouri, in 1916. Subtracted from 1940 that should make me twenty-four, I think, but I won't be that until December."

Her Father and Mother, who are both alive and recently divorced, allowed little Betty to take up dancing as any child should. Not with the movies in mind, but because dancing makes young girls graceful and keeps them out of the movie palaces afternoons. She made her first stage appearance at the age of five in her dancing school's annual recital. She was slightly awkward, but very cute. How did she happen to go to Hollywood?

"We took a trip every year when Dad could get away from his brokerage business," she curled up on the divan. "We'd been most everywhere—Banff, Lake Louise—so this time we decided on Los Angeles. It was so lovely that, when Dad went back to his office, Mother and I stayed on—and on. I kept up my dancing and before I knew it I was twelve and—simply for the fun of it—entered in an audition Fox was holding for specialty dancers."

She wasn't particularly interested in the result so perhaps that's why Fate and Fox broke down and handed her a part in a movie called "Let's Go Places," along with Dixie Lee (*Mrs. Bing Crosby*) and Nick Stuart. The Grable kid swore she was fourteen—but fourteen or seventy-four, she was enough of a showman to realize that she wasn't getting billing. She graciously overlooked it.

This age-shuffling business went on for so many years that later it was often nip and tuck before she could remember whether she was eighteen, had been or was about to be—or was it twenty? She couldn't always be sure. . . .

She absent-mindedly kicked a small rubber hydrant belonging to her friend in the bathroom and said: "I spent seven months at Fox. Then some busybody raised a fuss and they drove the minors out in a body, me along with them. Perhaps, it was just as well since I had found it slightly difficult to study with a tutor while a studio carpenter at my elbow threw up an imitation Bastille."

She stood just two months of the public school's junior high and then hit for the peace and security of Lawlor's Professional Children's School where the kids could swap tips between fractions on forthcoming jobs and technical data like "double takems" and similar cinema lore.

By this time she was fifteen and a bit of a beauty, especially as regards *la figure*. She and this *figure* entered a contest sponsored by Mr. Samuel Goldwyn. 5000 girls turned out for it. Betty was the first one chosen.

"The picture they were making was Eddie Cantor's 'Whoopee,' and after it was finished I worked in most of the Cantor pictures—along with Virginia Bruce and others. I was more or less the Goldwyn Girl and when the titles flashed on the screen and a bunch of girls sang 'We are the Goldwyn Girls . . .' you saw me first."

She spent a year singing with Ted Fiorito and his band—after she found that it wasn't hard to sing and that no one objected. Then she did a show with Frank Fay and his wife, who was Barbara Stanwyck Fay before she was Barbara Stanwyck Taylor. The show was called "Tattle Tales"; it was a lot of fun and she improved considerably under Fay's able tutelage.

"RKO saw me and signed me." Note the simplicity of that statement. Time and time again she explained that she had never gone out of her way to get jobs—they just came to her. She got up to answer the door and admitted two maids with cleaning paraphernalia.

"I made several pictures with Wheeler and Woolsey. I would play someone's sweetheart for the camera and then drop into a folding chair beside a tutor and study French verbs like any little schoolgirl.

"Next I got a part in 'Gay Divorcee,'



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the second Ginger Rogers-Fred Astaire vehicle. In it, I sang and danced a classical number called 'Let's Knock Knees' to Edward Everett Horton. He broke me up nearly every time—he's a wonderful comedian." She accented the "won" in "wonderful."

Then she sat on the RKO lot for three years.

She got so she walked with a stoop from the constant sitting. Hollywood people immediately recognized the symptoms, but out of town it was quite embarrassing—so she asked for her release and got it. Paramount swore they had no chairs over *there,* so she put her name to one of their contracts.

"I went to college at Paramount," she said. One of the maids opened the bathroom door and squealed—Mike, the rubber-doll-terror, looked up and scratched on.

"Yessir," she continued, "for four years I played practically nothing but college pictures. Remember 'Million Dollar Legs?' When I finally got a chance to play in something far removed from Rah Rah University (*Jack Benny's 'Man About Town'*) I had to go and get an appendicitis attack. They couldn't wait for me, so. . . ."

Paramount college days over, she teamed up with the very comic Jack Haley and they played the San Francisco Fair where lots of people, including a man from New York, saw her. The New Yorker was B. G. De Sylva, who was casting a musical for the Broadway stage—which is the petrifying ambition of every other movie player. Mr. De Sylva signed her up and her blood froze at the very thought of what she had done.

"Things had been dullish in the movie line for me and I had made up my mind I'd make good in this show (it *was "Du Barry"*)—scared or not—or quit the whole business. I had absolutely no intention of calling the casting offices madly for anyone or anything. I didn't have to." The first maid called the second one into the bathroom to admire the Sealyham. He yawned, they giggled.

Miss Grable, it seems, saves her pennies—an unusual quirk among the people of the movie colony—and she had enough laid by to retire on. Twelve weeks of personal appearances before joining "Du Barry" added enough so that she and several others might have done the retiring. Miss G. is a *rara avis,* indeed.

"Mr. De Sylva mailed me my sides (*not the whole playbook, just* her *cues and lines*) and asked me to memorize them while I was on the road—which I did faithfully. When I arrived, ten days late, for my first rehearsal and had crept onstage in response to my first cue, I spoke my lines without the book. Then I dared to look around, lo and behold, the others were still *reading* theirs! Do you suppose they thought I was putting on the dog? I felt quite the opposite, believe me!"

She reversed the usual procedure in one particular. All too often showpeople start out gayly with six numbers in a show and end up morosely with one. Betty started out calmly with one and ended up equally calmly with six—the sixth being added exactly one week before the show opened!

"Was I scared opening night? Was I?

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I'll say I was! In the first place, everyone in the company had talked for weeks in awe-struck whispers about Opening Night. Opening Night was this and that, be *so* careful! In the second place I—poor me—was the first one onstage after the opening curtain went up.

"Opening night—December the Sixth—came and I stood in the wings, shaking like a leaf. I forced myself to go on—boom!—I wasn't scared anymore. Whew!

"I owe so much to 'Du Barry'—it has taught me things I could never learn in pictures. After all, I never did study dramatics, just dancing—so technical stuff, like 'stage waits,' 'timing' and the proper wait for a laugh, was Greek to me, before it."

"Aside from learning, it's been tremendous fun—I'll hate to leave the show as I must in a few weeks. The people in it seem like old friends—matter of fact I'd known Bert (*Lahr*) in Hollywood for years. Ethel Merman is simply wonderful, really. Every show there's so much ad-libbing and kidding on the stage that I'm sure the performers have more fun than the audience."

She leaves "Du Barry" to return to the Coast and Mr. Zanuck who will put her into a forthcoming picture.

Somewhere back there Miss Grable married Jackie Coogan and later divorced him.

"We're still married, actually. The divorce doesn't become final until October the Eleventh. Oh, we're still good friends—he's a fine fellow and he has a swell sense of humor. He's flying his own plane East in a few days with Roger Pryor and a gang."

She thought that possibly having been a child star had made it a little tougher, cinematically speaking, for Jackie. She was quite upset at the thought that many people might think she had left him because of the money trouble he went through, which was not the case. Indeed, she had waited as long as she could before taking action in the hope that the legal mixup might be out of the way. As for future marital plans, she had none or would admit to none.

Thus Betty Grable. Hollywood let her go and now, after a stage success, wants her back. What sort of a girl is she? To begin with, she is five-feet-four and weighs 115 pounds. Her hair is blonde, her eyes blue. When she was interviewed she was wearing a blue-checkered wrap and her hair was tied up with a bright red bow. An elaborate, portable record-player was stacked high with Gershwin and Lee Wiley records. She buys sets of records in albums, mostly, and plays the machine all day long. A dozen or so obviously-read books stood on the table. She said she never read less than an hour a day, even when she came in at three or four in the morning after the show and a club. Among the books were: "Native Son," "Johnny Get Your Gun," "Kitty Foyle" (*which she wasn't crazy about—sorry, Mr. Morley*) and "City For Conquest," by Aben Kendal. This latter, she said, had given her a clearer picture of New York City than she had received by any other means.

She knows her *métier*—light comedy roles, no ingénues. She likes New York, because she's working here, but wouldn't care for it as a regular thing otherwise—misses things like wearing slacks as they do in Hollywood. Sports clothes are her favorites, with tailored suits otherwise. She misses her daily swim—in summer she gets as tan as mahogany.

Her Mother travels with her and acts as secretary. Betty can't get around to writing to even her friends, so she just signs pictures and Mother does the rest. Their Hollywood house is near the 20th Century-Fox studios which is a help, some of the others are quite far away. She has a small car which she has been driving for a year.

On the Coast she has a veritable dog-menagerie. Whenever she's upset she goes out and buys a dog the way some women buy hats under similar circumstances. She has been upset three times in her life, judging by the list: 1 Sealyham, *Mike;* 1 Great Dane, officially, *Genghis Khan,* informally, *Gengy;* 1 Cocker Spaniel, *Taffy,* because he's buff-colored like the stuff. Mother has a Boston named *Bing,* after Crosby, whom they've known since he (*Crosby*) was one of a Cocoanut Grove trio.

A fortune teller told her that 1940 was going to be a big year for her and it looks as though the woman was right. On her way back to the Coast, for example, she'll play a week at the Chicago Theatre in Chicago—which will pay her rail-fare or buy a dog or add to that nest egg. She has a definite philosophy about success. Success, says this sage twenty-three-year-old, can be as slow as you please for her if the road is *up.* But if it is *down,* she will quit the business no matter how slowly things are slipping away. People with nest eggs can talk that way.

She wore one ring with "BG" on it at the interview—wears jewelry in spells. Likes the movies and found "Rebecca" and "Gone With The Wind" to her taste. Her female favorites are, more or less, Carole Lombard and Margaret Sullavan. Jimmie Stewart has the male section all to himself. Is not awed by the biggest of the stars, because she was brought up with most of them. *Was* awed by meeting John Steinbeck, the author of "Of Mice And Men." Also by Noel Coward. She wants to see "The Male Animal," because she is crazy about the work of co-author James Thurber, whose current book "The Last Flower" lay athwart a chair.

She is not clothes-conscious—she is not a glam-glam girl. She knows no other work than stage and movies and if they fail she will simply retire to a life of ease. She will in the future avoid college pictures as she would the plague—that's final. Very independent, this young lady. She has never, since an early age anyway, been without money coming in and yet she hasn't sought out work, it has always come to her.

So the way to success—if you would find a moral in this—is paved with paradoxes. Don't try to find work and it will come looking for you. Above all, don't stay with the movies if you think they don't appreciate you—ignore them and take up the legitimate stage and they'll break down your dressing-room door in their haste to sign you up on your own terms.

At least, they will if you're Betty Grable. . . .

Now I Understand Miriam Hopkins

[Continued from page 43]

five-thirty."

By six o'clock I was helping Miss opkins out of her mink coat and ush-ing her into a suite filled with writers id editors. Here was my opportunity to udy her further. Her behavior proved iat she was indeed urbane, sophisticated id above all, charming.

For an instant she stood on the thresh-d surveying the gathering. Then, recog-izing a God-sent old friend, she plunged to an excited and warm-hearted ex-iange of greetings. The friend was a itic, who had granted her a few kind ords in his column years before when liss Hopkins was a dancing stage young-er. Miriam took a cigarette from a unky and smoked it through a long older. She seemed oblivious to the room ll of guests of whom, a short time be-fore, she had expressed such fear. In a few minutes, I was able to wean her from her critic friend and introduced her to some of the other guests. For a lady who claimed never to have attended a press party before, Miss Hopkins handled her-self with such charm and assurance as to make Dale Carnegie look like a wall-flower. She shook each newcomer firmly by the hand and said, "I'm *so* happy to meet you," or, if she were sure that she had seen the person's face before, she would say, "I'm so happy to meet you *again*." And so she passed among writers and editors, working her charms on each one in turn. She wore a black bengaline suit and her pink complexion—she wears very little makeup—and her very blonde hair made her look, I thought, like a well-bred little girl at a birthday party. When she left the party she favored me with a smile and said, "Thank you so much. I enjoyed it immensely." The cloud had begun to lift.

I saw Miss Hopkins again (*I call on her at every opportunity*) when I accom-panied her to one of the New York news-papers where she was to be photographed in color. I discovered a few more things about her. She worries a good deal about little things.

"What kind of makeup shall I wear?" she asked.

"No makeup," I guessed.

"But my blonde eye lashes will be ab-solutely invisible without make-up," she wailed.

"All right," I said, "wear street make-up."

At the color studio Miriam (*I never really called her Miriam*) sat in the glare of the white lights and blinked her blue eyes.

"Blue eyes can't stand as much light as brown," she cooed.

"But blue eyes are more dangerous," said the photographer with a leer.

It didn't take me long to come to the realization that Miss Hopkins is a fasci-nating lady of the world. She leads the full life. Her interests are as diverse as George Bernard Shaw's. Her cocktail par-ties which she sometimes gives in a hotel suite or in her own home on New York's

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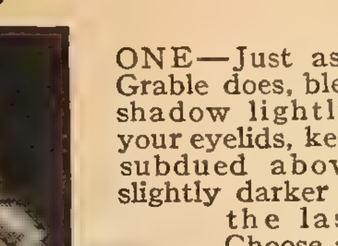
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BETTY GRABLE Appearing in B.G. Sylva's production *"Du Barry Was a Lady."*

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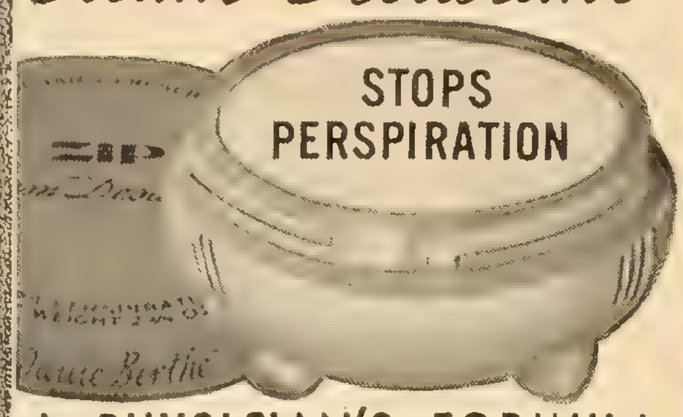
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"I've written a few short stories," she confided, and added modestly, "none of them much good, of course."

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She told me that Miriam had been born in Savannah and not in Bainbridge, Ga., as had been erroneously stated by many of her biographers. Little Miriam traipsed around Savannah for thirteen years and occasionally visited her grandmother's house in Bainbridge. When she was thirteen Miriam and her sister were taken north to Syracuse, N. Y., where they nearly froze to death. When it came time for them to go to college both girls balked at the thought of four cold years at Syracuse University, where their uncle was the head of the Geology department. Instead, sixteen-year-old Miriam went off to Barre, Vt., to attend Goddard Seminary. The records show that the precocious young southern lass did two years' work in one, won the French medal, stood at the head of the graduating class and returned home on crutches—she had fallen from the stage during a performance of the French play in which she played the lead. When she recovered from her fall Miriam attended the Vestoff Seroba School of Dancing in New York. Soon after she decided to go with a dance group on a tour of South America. Mrs. Hopkins' eyes twinkled when she spoke of the battle she waged against Miriam's going on that tour.

"Miriam didn't go on that trip," she told me, "but those who did, had to work their way home as stewardesses."

Miriam's uncle was Dixie Hines, a theatre man, who managed some of the great stars of the day, among them Tyrone Power, Sr. He secured her a role in "The Music Box Revue," which ran six months and started Miriam on her successful career. It was while she was playing in "Lysistrata," that she had her first chance to go into pictures. A film called "The Best People," was being made in Astoria, Long Island, across the river from Manhattan, and Miriam worked on that during the day and returned to town in the evening to appear in her stage role. In the film with Miss Hopkins were Frank Morgan and a supporting player named Carole Lombard. Miriam appeared later with Maurice Chevalier in "The Smiling Lieutenant," and the rest, as they say in the movies, is history.

At the airport Miriam explained to her mother, who has never flown, that she could climb into her berth, go right to sleep and wake up in California, and that the passengers were served hot meals right in their berths—free of charge! We spent a few minutes in the cocktail lounge where Miriam had a drink called a "Stinger," which, she claimed, was the best insurance against air sickness—as if a seasoned traveler like Miriam ever gets air sick.

"Good-bye," said Miriam, as she started toward the plane, "I won't bother writing. If anything happens you'll read about it in the papers." And off she went.

"She'll be back, soon," Mrs. Hopkins murmured. But I was way ahead of her. I was thinking of the time when I would be sitting in Miriam's garden again, sipping Pim's No. 1 drink and watching the boats going to and fro, back and forth—all day long.

Their World of Tomorrow

[Continued from page 63]

she had known. But as it was, all the art of the last few months was there in er voice as she told him. She put her iumph on thick, she told me that afterards, wanting to hurt him as much as she ad been hurt herself.

She didn't know it meant forever when llan said goodbye that night. It was only ie next day that she knew he had gone ack East. She felt desperate then waitig to hear from him. Of course, she tried) be gay and modern about the whole ning and pretend it didn't matter. But nyone looking at her could see how she ad changed.

At first, everyone talked about Sally's ossibilities, but as the months went on nd she went from one small featured part) another all of us began to wonder. fter all, she wasn't an actress any more nan Allan had been an actor. She was ttle and young and incredibly pretty, ut girls like that can be had for a dime dozen in Hollywood. A pretty girl is no ovelty out here.

"Anyway, I'm making more money than ever dreamed of making in my life," she aid to me once. "And if there's anything iore important than money in this world ell me about it. For I haven't seen it et."

A week before I knew I was going to Jew York myself, Sally called me.

"I'm going East to the Fair," she announced, and her voice was full of the bitterness that was so much a part of her these days. "The studio is sending a delegation and I'm to be part of the atmosphere. That seems to be my life these days . . . being atmosphere. Just an extra girl, that's me."

But she didn't seem like an extra girl that day I ran into her on the Fair grounds. She was wearing a little silk suit and a wide-brimmed hat that made her look like the old Sally who used to work there, even though anyone could see that her outfit would have cost at least a month's salary at the rate she was paid then.

We hailed a chair and started off in grand style when suddenly I heard someone talking right behind us.

"Pardon me, haven't I met you somewhere before? Palm Beach, the automat, maybe?" For a moment I didn't recognize the bantering voice. Then I turned and there was Allan, pushing our chair.

Sally looked up and for a moment she was the old Sally of a year ago, too, looking at a man she had just met and falling in love with him at first sight.

"Allan," she said then, and something hard and bitter was gone from her voice, just as it went from his face as he listened to her.

He didn't tell her then how much he had wished she would say that she was going with him that last day he saw her in Hollywood. And she didn't tell him how lonely she had been without him, either. That could come later. Now it was enough to look at each other and grin in their old infectious gayety.

"I hope you'll be staying with us for a while," he said in the same mockingly deferential voice. But his eyes looking at her weren't mocking.

"As far as I'm concerned, I'd like to stay . . . always." Sally said, and it was funny how she said it, as if she meant it in every way. For she had thrown her pride to the four winds and she didn't care if it ever came back. "I'd. . . ." Suddenly she put her hand out so that it was lying on his holding the back of our chair. "Did you ever find out what happened to our old apartment?" she asked.

"I'm living in it," he said. And again it looked as if he were kissing her with his eyes looking at hers so steadily. "It's just about right for a lad with one year of Medical left. But it gets awfully lonesome sometimes, thinking how it might have been if things had turned out differently."

"Will you take me there?" she whispered breathlessly. "I've dreamed about it every night for the last six months, and I want to see if it is as beautiful as I remembered it. If . . ."

"Why, of course, madame." His hand went to his helmet in a flip salute, but his voice wasn't bantering now, any more than his mouth, trembling as he tried to smile or his eyes, softening as he looked at her. "This way, please, to the World of Tomorrow."

"Just a moment," I said then. And I was laughing, too, the way they were; laughing because I knew if I didn't laugh I'd cry. "Let me off, first. This is where I came in."



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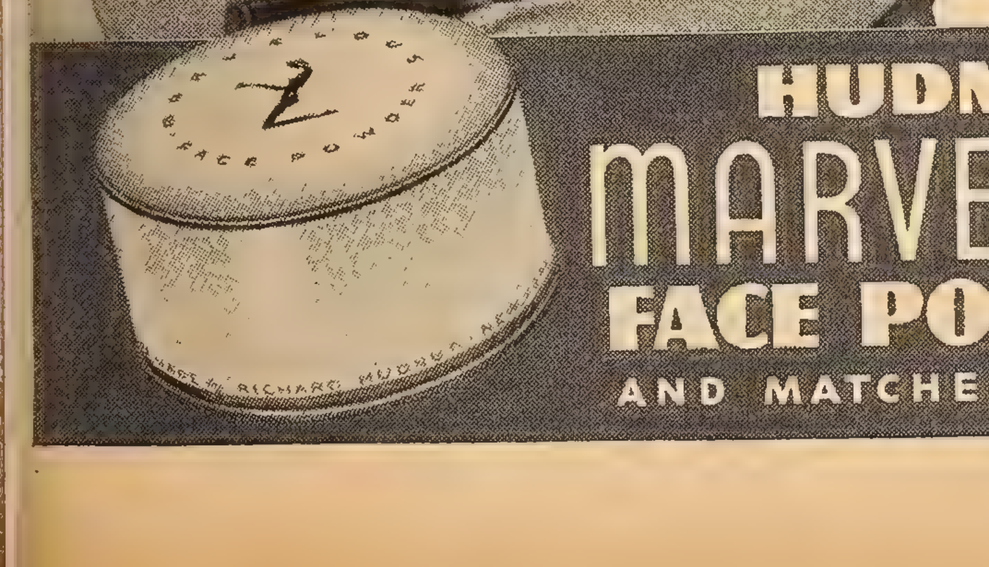
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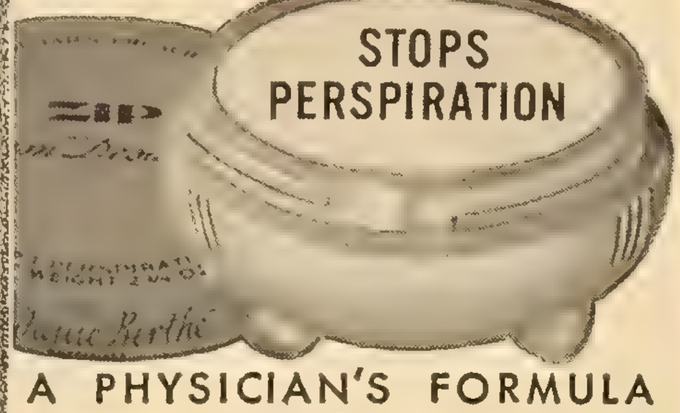
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At the airport Miriam explained to her mother, who has never flown, that she could climb into her berth, go right to sleep and wake up in California, and that the passengers were served hot meals right in their berths—free of charge! We spent a few minutes in the cocktail lounge where Miriam had a drink called a "Stinger," which, she claimed, was the best insurance against air sickness—as if a seasoned traveler like Miriam ever gets air sick.

"Good-bye," said Miriam, as she started toward the plane, "I won't bother writing. If anything happens you'll read about it in the papers." And off she went.

"She'll be back, soon," Mrs. Hopkins murmured. But I was way ahead of her. I was thinking of the time when I would be sitting in Miriam's garden again, sipping Pim's No. 1 drink and watching the boats going to and fro, back and forth—all day long.

Their World of Tomorrow

[Continued from page 63]

she had known. But as it was, all the urt of the last few months was there in er voice as she told him. She put her iumph on thick, she told me that afterards, wanting to hurt him as much as she ad been hurt herself.

She didn't know it meant forever when llan said goodbye that night. It was only ie next day that she knew he had gone ack East. She felt desperate then waitig to hear from him. Of course, she tried) be gay and modern about the whole ning and pretend it didn't matter. But nyone looking at her could see how she ad changed.

At first, everyone talked about Sally's ossibilities, but as the months went on nd she went from one small featured part) another all of us began to wonder. fter all, she wasn't an actress any more nan Allan had been an actor. She was ttle and young and incredibly pretty, ut girls like that can be had for a dime dozen in Hollywood. A pretty girl is no ovelty out here.

"Anyway, I'm making more money than ever dreamed of making in my life," she aid to me once. "And if there's anything iore important than money in this world ell me about it. For I haven't seen it et."

A week before I knew I was going to New York myself, Sally called me.

"I'm going East to the Fair," she announced, and her voice was full of the bitterness that was so much a part of her these days. "The studio is sending a delegation and I'm to be part of the atmosphere. That seems to be my life these days . . . being atmosphere. Just an extra girl, that's me."

But she didn't seem like an extra girl that day I ran into her on the Fair grounds. She was wearing a little silk suit and a wide-brimmed hat that made her look like the old Sally who used to work there, even though anyone could see that her outfit would have cost at least a month's salary at the rate she was paid then.

We hailed a chair and started off in grand style when suddenly I heard someone talking right behind us.

"Pardon me, haven't I met you somewhere before? Palm Beach, the automat, maybe?" For a moment I didn't recognize the bantering voice. Then I turned and there was Allan, pushing our chair.

Sally looked up and for a moment she was the old Sally of a year ago, too, looking at a man she had just met and falling in love with him at first sight.

"Allan," she said then, and something hard and bitter was gone from her voice, just as it went from his face as he listened to her.

He didn't tell her then how much he had wished she would say that she was going with him that last day he saw her in Hollywood. And she didn't tell him how lonely she had been without him, either. That could come later. Now it was enough to look at each other and grin in their old infectious gayety.

"I hope you'll be staying with us for a while," he said in the same mockingly deferential voice. But his eyes looking at her weren't mocking.

"As far as I'm concerned, I'd like to stay . . . always." Sally said, and it was funny how she said it, as if she meant it in every way. For she had thrown her pride to the four winds and she didn't care if it ever came back. "I'd. . . ." Suddenly she put her hand out so that it was lying on his holding the back of our chair. "Did you ever find out what happened to our old apartment?" she asked.

"I'm living in it," he said. And again it looked as if he were kissing her with his eyes looking at hers so steadily. "It's just about right for a lad with one year of Medical left. But it gets awfully lonesome sometimes, thinking how it might have been if things had turned out differently."

"Will you take me there?" she whispered breathlessly. "I've dreamed about it every night for the last six months, and I want to see if it is as beautiful as I remembered it. If . . ."

"Why, of course, madame." His hand went to his helmet in a flip salute, but his voice wasn't bantering now, any more than his mouth, trembling as he tried to smile or his eyes, softening as he looked at her. "This way, please, to the World of Tomorrow."

"Just a moment," I said then. And I was laughing, too, the way they were; laughing because I knew if I didn't laugh I'd cry. "Let me off, first. This is where I came in."



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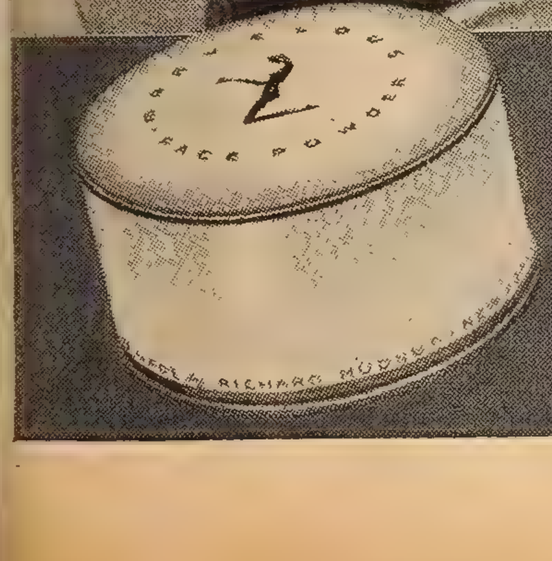
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Joan's Own Way to Snag a Man!

[Continued from page 23]

dramatics and is sitting there on the lounge beside the wonderful one, being herself, friendly but just a trifle reserved. It's a wonderful start, to be sure. But it's the finish that counts.

"If Susie is by nature the biggest chatterbox in the Western Hemisphere with her chums at the office, let her stifle the mania just this once. Of course, she ought to keep the conversation moving along. But the object always should be to steer the chat to the subject that lies closest to the heart of the wonderful man beside her, himself and his work.

"Maybe he manufactures nuts and bolts, which is certainly not as exciting as being, say, a war correspondent. But let her show some interest in nuts and bolts. Let her ask him whether it isn't true (*it probably isn't*) that the Egyptians dreamed them up 3,000 years ago. Get him started and turn on that interested gleam in your eye and he'll go home toting her telephone number and so happy that he'll even forgive the girl for having such a silly little name as Susie."

And with that the impromptu sermon to Susie was over, but not until Miss Crawford had delivered herself of an ingratiating: "Shucks! Who in the world listens to advice—including me?"

For one who had just urged the young and tender to be themselves above all else, Joan Crawford is an object lesson out of the book. She has a contempt for any other way of life.

Take the first time this reporter ever caught a glimpse of the lady. She had piled out of her cab in a long red dress (*Valentina*), escorted by a man with a top hat who looked as though smiles cost $1 apiece. A gang of moppets descended on her, autograph books in hand. Another cinema queen would have sprinted for safety. Not Joan Crawford.

Right there on the sidewalk, using the side of the building as a prop, Miss Crawford wrote and wrote her name until the chore was done. She was all radiance when she stepped inside the hotel.

Or take the time we called around one Sunday noon, by appointment, to do this story on her.

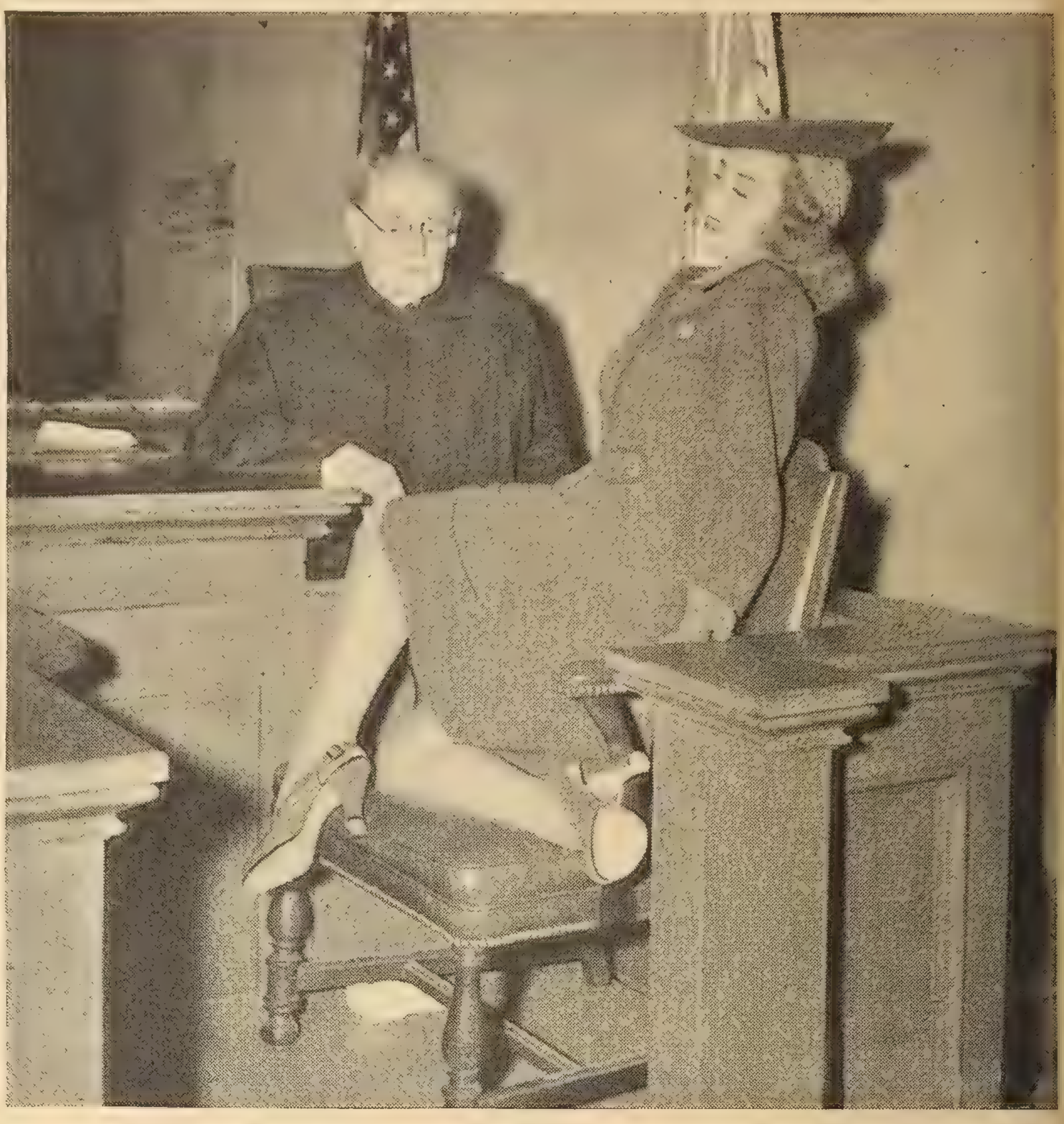
"Hi," said Miss C., with no British accent, no drama and certainly no unnecessary attempt to make us feel that this was indeed a red-letter day in her life.

Not that she wasn't hospitable. Just wait and see.

"I wonder if you'd mind if I had a few fittings before we talked. You're staying for breakfast anyhow," she said with feminine finality.

Miss Crawford's magnificent suite was done in the best possible taste—gray, white and silver—and avoided any resemblance to the grandiose hotel suites which look like Hollywood sets. While she was away, we explored the place noting the numerous good books in evidence. The radio was playing Tschaikovsky's "Nutcracker Suite" when she emerged, convoyed by a delegation of sighing fashion editors.

Her guests departed, Miss Crawford rang for a waiter.



If you're interested in the proper way to impress a judge while on the witness stand, Joan Blondell offers this demonstration between scenes of "I Want A Divorce," in which she plays a bride who almost gets a divorce.

"How many sausages are there in a single order?" she inquired, menu in hand.

"Six, madame."

"Better make it two orders, if you don't mind," she told the garçon. "And I'll have my eggs scrambled."

Miss Crawford must have caught us blinking with amazement.

"I love to eat," she said with relish. "And I don't trouble my head over calories, either."

All during breakfast Joan Crawford, once a slavey in a girl's school and now a cinema legend, behaved like a woman (*and lady*) first, like Metro's $6,500-per-week star last, if at all.

What bothered her was the plight of the reporter in search of a new angle.

"Let's try and think up something new—anything but 'The New Crawford.' They're writing that little number every six months." J. C. wrinkled her brow. No muse came to her assistance.

"Hell!" she shrugged, "let's forget angles for the moment and talk. How's the fan magazine trade anyhow? It must be pretty deadly having to deal with my ilk."

Using a little of the Crawford advice we steered the conversation back to the lady herself. It took an hour to get her autobiographical.

First off, what is closest to Joan Crawford's heart is not marriage—not right this moment. Perish the thought, however, that she'd turn her back on the perfect romance if it smacked into her at a 180 degree angle. What's on her mind is her career.

"For months I've been trying to find the perfect play which would bring me to Broadway. I've read all kinds of scripts that producers, agents and well-wishers are always planting either under my pillow or in my traveling kits. Mostly they're all alike: the little chorus girl skyrockets to the stratosphere, gets in pictures and becomes a Hollywood first lady. Can't you see that little model winning the Academy Award?"

She grins, looks serious again.

"I dream of this play. When I find it, I'll probably toss my bonnet in the air and come to New York with only a toothbrush—I'll be so excited."

Picture plans, Miss Crawford?

"Ah, yes, picture plans. Well, to begin with, there will be, of course, 'The Woman's Face,' a remake of a Swedish picture that Ingrid Bergman did, in which I play an ugly duckling sort of creature, made up something like Laughton on a binge."

"What! No Glamour?"

Miss C. doused her cigarette and focused her leaping eyes, blue and flashing.

"In the accepted sense, there will be

no glamour. But glamour, like gold, is where you find it. Do you want to know what true glamour is? Well, I'll tell you: it's excitement, plus enchantment. It doesn't have anything to do with legs or curves. Why Maria Ouspenskaya has more glamour than half the movie stars in Hollywood put together! So has Hattie McDaniel! As for glamour outside the theatre, I don't know anyone more glamourous than Mrs. Roosevelt."

With glamour attended to, we got around to clothes. Her favorite color is blue. She also "adores" red. Prints, all except something on the unusual, leave her cold. Ditto for stripes.

Were some colors hotter than others? In short, did certain hues pack more T.N.T. for males than others?

"I don't think so," the delight of the fashion editors came back one-two-three. "Other elements are involved such as the girl, the place, the time, the geography, the climate and the occasion."

We gasped at this strange wisdom.

"Nothing is more disillusioning to me than to catch a glimpse of a fabulously exciting dress, sophisticated and moulded to a svelte form, and to later discover that it's being worn by a sweet, demure young thing who looks fairly bewildered. In short, every dress demands its own atmosphere, an air on the part of the woman."

It was twilight almost before you could say "Susan and God." Miss Crawford's mood had taken on the dreamy quality of the Manhattan vespertide.

"You know what's bothering me," she burst out, all of a sudden.

The interloper shook his head.

"It's a voice I heard last night across the court, a wonderful dramatic soprano. It must have been nine or nine-thirty when I heard it. Ah, if I could only find out who she was. I was reading a book when the first notes came across the court. She was singing 'Tosca.' "

In a Sherlock Holmes frame of mind, the interviewer suggested a maneuver to discover her identity. Miss Crawford bounded up out of her chair.

"If you find out who she is, telephone me right away, please, and let me know. I'll be at home."

It was eleven-thirty when the amateur Operative 38 cracked the mystery. The voice, it seemed, belonged to a famous Cuban singer. The timid sleuth put in a call to Miss Crawford. She let out a whoop.

"Ask her if she'll sing a duet with me right now?"

"Really, isn't it a little late?"

"Hell's bells. It's only midnight."

In a moment the reporter had established contact by telephone with the singer. Would she stick her head out of the window and meet Joan Crawford, who lived across the court? After that, would she sing a duet with Miss C.?

The Cuban diva was charmed with the idea. As per instructions, she did appear at her window. La Crawford manned the bedroom casement across the canyon.

"Hi, there," said Miss C. "How about making it a duet from Aida?"

"Fine," said the singer, fastening down the curtains so as not to obstruct the view across the court and repairing to her piano.

Then began the most outlandish concert in the history of New York, Miss Crawford singing from the 23rd floor of the Hampshire House dressed in a dainty house coat, face aglow, the Cuban lady warbling from the 22nd floor of the adjoining Essex House, providing her own accompaniment to boot.

Metro's pride and joy had an out-of-the-world look on her face, completely unmindful of the astonished hotel patrons who were poking their heads out of the la-de-da hostelry, wondering whether this wasn't really New Orleans in Mardi Gras season, instead of chic Central Park South, borough of Manhattan.

They sang until some oaf threatened to call the cops, these two did. Forced to withdraw Miss Crawford was all for chasing over to the Essex House and having a regular jam session with the singer she had just met without benefit of Hoyle, except that cooler heads prevailed and reminded her that it was one o'clock and she was due up real early.

As we rode down the elevator humming the duet from Aida, a two-word memory text kept turning over and over in our brain, like an old phonograph record with its needle stuck: "Be yourself . . . be yourself . . . be yourself."



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Reviews

[Continued from page 53]

can be said of the picture. In fact, very few changes were made in its transition from stage to screen. Simple, straightforward and candid it tells the story of life and love and death in a small town. Frank Craven again plays the druggist, just as he did on the stage, and talks to the audience about the little town and its families whose every day life makes the story. Mainly, he tells of the romance, marriage, and sickness, which takes Emily Webb close to death, excellently played by Martha Scott of the stage. William Holden appears to fine advantage as George Gibbs, her young sweetheart and husband. Such grand actors as Guy Kibbee, Beulah Bondi, Fay Bainter, Stuart Erwin and Thomas Mitchell appear as the townsfolk and each and every one are at their best, which is high praise indeed. Hollywood, thanks to Mr. Lesser, can really be proud of this one.

LILLIAN RUSSELL

THE ORIGINAL GLAMOUR GIRL—*20th Century-Fox*

ALICE FAYE can take herself a great big bow for her graceful and intelligent characterization of Lillian Russell, America's original Glamour Girl, and the inspiration for much of the nineteenth century's theatrical legend. Alice's hourglass figure, her most becoming pompadours, and her jewels and huge feathered hats are representative of that flamboyant period. The story tells how Helen Leonard, the daughter of a suffragette (*Dorothy Peterson*) and a publisher (*Ernest Truex*), gets an engagement, by pure chance, with Tony Pastor (*Leo Carrillo*), who promptly changes her name to Lillian Russell, and as Lillian Russell becomes the most glamourous stage personality of that period. The "men in her life" are Edward Solomon (*Don Ameche*), her songwriter, who becomes her first husband, Diamond Jim Brady (*Edward Arnold*), who offers her a million dollars to marry him, the Famous J. L. (*Warren William*) and Alexander Moore (*Henry Fonda*), the young newspaper man, who eventually becomes Ambassador to Spain, and Miss Russell's second husband. The revue and variety show sequences are quaintly old-fashioned and extremely delightful. Besides a number of songs sung by Alice (*including the famous "After the Ball"*) there is a dance by Eddie Foy, Jr., and a comedy sketch by Weber and Fields.

MY FAVORITE WIFE

A SIDE-SPLITTER—*RKO*

THAT irresistible team of Irene Dunne and Cary Grant are united again in this side-splitting comedy which does the Enoch Arden story in reverse. It's a riot of laughs from beginning to end and probably just what you need right now with the whole world in the dumps. Irene Dunne, more beautiful than ever if possible, plays Cary's young wife, who seven years before the start of the story went on a botanical expedition and was shipwrecked. She returns home on the very day that her devoted husband has had her declared legally dead, so that he can marry the luscious Gail Patrick. Irene, who is completely unknown to Gail, of course, joins them on their honeymoon, and as you can well believe there is one comedy situation after another. And just to complicate matters, poor Cary, who is already harassed enough, discovers that his beloved Irene spent those seven years on a desert island with no less than the attractive Randy Scott, who is just about the most virile person he's ever met. With the help of Granville Bates, who almost steals the picture as a fuss-budget judge, Irene and Cary get reunited.

WOMEN IN WAR

ELSIE JANIS RETURNS—*Republic*

THIS picture marks the return to the screen of Elsie Janis, the actress who quit the American stage in 1918 and devoted herself after America's entry into the First World War to entertaining the soldiers in hospitals in France. In this picture, she plays the matron of a group of British war nurses of World War II, and she gives the best performance in the picture. Against the background of war we have the romance of Wendy Barrie, a socialite who redeems herself with her nursing, and who falls in love with Patric Knowles, a Royal Air Force flyer. It's good to see Mae Clarke back on the screen again as one of the nurses. There is an exciting scene where a troop ship is attacked by Nazi bombers as it crosses the channel. Dorothy Peterson, Billy Gilbert, Barbara Pepper and Colin Tapley have important parts.

THE WAY OF ALL FLESH

PREPARE YOURSELF FOR THE WEEPS—*Paramount*

THIS is the new version of the film that once added to the glories of Emil Jannings. It's old-fashioned and considerably on the weepy side, but extremely well played by the entire cast. The story deals with the psychological disintegration of Paul Kriza, the part played by Akim Tamiroff. His downfall is brought about by Muriel Angelus, a confidence woman, when he is robbed of $100,000 worth of securities which had been entrusted to him. Through a course of events his family believes him to be dead, and rather than disgrace them he allows them to go on thinking that he has been killed, and abandons them. Mr. Tamiroff is particularly magnificent in the scenes where he hears his son's violin concert from a seat in the gallery, and where he watches his family celebrate Christmas around a Christmas tree. Gladys George plays his wife and William Henry his talented son.

PHANTOM RAIDERS

WALTER PIDGEON SAVES THE DAY—*M-G-M*

THE second picture in the Nick Carter series (*oh, you remember Nick Carter, the detective hero of more than a thousand paper-backed penny dreadfuls*) is a very good adventure yarn, and

plenty entertaining. That excellent actor, Walter Pidgeon, again plays Nick, and the priceless casting of Donald Meek as the Bee Man continues. This time the story takes place in Panama and the villains are busily engaged in blowing up ships by wireless in order to collect the insurance on falsified cargoes. Nick puts an end to that. Joseph Schildkraut gives a stand-out performance as a modern pirate. Steffi Duna plays a native girl with great success, and Florence Rice and John Carroll are wasted on minor roles.

TYPHOON

EASY ON THE EYES—*Paramount*

WELL, if you're an escapist this is your picture. It certainly won't tax your mind in any way, and it will prove a sheer delight to your eyes. It is done in beautiful Technicolor and has the most naive story of the year, but goes quite spectacular in the end with a typhoon, a forest fire, and a tidal wave. Dorothy Lamour, avec sarong to be sure, has lived alone on a desert island, except for a chimpanzee, ever since she was washed ashore as a small child. One day she discovers Robert Preston, a South Seas down-and-outer, drunk on the shore, so she takes him to her treetop penthouse, and the idyllic romance begins. When Preston, also in a sarong of sorts, escapes from her (*imagine his being such a dope*) she saves him and his pearl-diving pal, Lynne Overman, from a bunch of murderous natives. Then comes the typhoon.

TURNABOUT

STARTLING, BUT HILARIOUS—*Hal Roach*

ADAPTED from the Thorne Smith story of the same title, "Turnabout" becomes one of those "different" pictures, and hardly less startling than the book was. Directed by Hal Roach himself it is played strictly for laughs, and laughs it gets, though maybe a few blushes, too. The story concerns a young wife (*Carole Landis*) and her husband (*John Hubbard*) who fall under the influence of the god Ram. They wake up one morning to find that the husband's personality, even his voice, has been transposed into the wife's body, and vice versa. Well, when a man becomes a woman, and a woman becomes a man there is the devil to pay, and you can well imagine what funny situations arise. Donald Meek plays a butler and dead-pan Marjorie Main plays the cook, and you can be sure they have plenty of surprises what with the strange goings-on of the master and mistress. Adolphe Menjou is excellent as the drunken partner, and William Gargan as the dumb bootlegger. Mary Astor and Joyce Compton play wives, and Verree Teasdale as the head secretary gives all her scenes a special lift.

It's True About Hollywood!

[Continued from page 64]

Not too long ago there was turmoil in the home of Director James Cruze. A misunderstanding had arisen involving four of the people present. The commotion simmered down, the circumstances were combined into a play which ran in a little theatre in Hollywood. But sure enough—came a Saturday night when the cast drove out to the Cruze home and played the drama in its original setting!

I'll lay ten-to-one odds you wouldn't count on Hedy Lamarr scorning a new hat for a five-year-old felt which she punches into assorted shapes. Or did you think Hepburn was far more of an individualist than Shearer? True, Katharine did drive to the Coast in a second-hand station wagon, sleeping in auto camps, and wearing dungarees when she was at her height. But Norma, when invited to a formal, adores to wear a hat and thus be conspicuous. Moreover, when Carole Lombard Gable asked all the girls to come to a dance in white, Norma showed up in a blazing red.

Should Arline Judge tire of her cafe society whirling and return to Hollywood, we hope she'll be her quaint self again. Like that night when she couldn't attend a party and didn't want to disappoint us. She sent a floral effigy of herself! Wendy Barrie couldn't come in from location, which was fifty miles out of town, for a friend's party. So she hired three buses and had the gang—guests and orchestra and all—hauled out to the village where she was stuck. She rented the small town ballroom.

There was unballyhooed drama on Joan Crawford's set when Rudy de Remer,



Jean Parker was among the many guests who recently attended a steak roast given by Richard Carlson and his wife. Jean's a great one for corn.

ex-Follies beauty and silent screen actress and now back from Paris to be an agent, showed up. It had been eleven years since Ruby had said adieu to her own acting career. She was dumbfounded to find the same director, the same assistant director, the same cameraman, and the same wardrobe girl functioning—only for Joan now. "What," I asked Joan, "do you see for yourself eleven years from today?" There was no hesitation. Joan spoke fiercely, "I'll still be trying to be among the first ten in picture popularity!"

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Eye Appeal

[Continued from page 15]

So much for the brows, themselves. Let the eyes beneath them be beautiful, regardless of color or shape. Your first cue is good health and enough sleep. These are the backgrounds for clearness and sparkle. A good eye lotion, such as Eye-Gene Eye Drops, helps clear and soothe tired eyes. You will find Eye-Gene a good beauty habit, and an especial boon after long motor trips, days on a glaring beach or long nights of dancing. Just two drops of this clear liquid can often mean the difference between eyes that look blurred and are heavy with fatigue and those that are clear and lovely. Eye-Gene should go on your vacation with you.

See that you have proper reading light. Don't deliberately sit with your eyes focussed on a sea that is glimmering with sun when you might look at the soft green of trees in the distance. This is needless abuse of eyes. Don't try to sleep with brilliant day or night light in your face. When your eyes feel tired, rest them by gently closing or cup your palms gently over them to exclude all light, and close your eyes. This Sylvia Sidney taught me long ago, and it gives real eye rest.

Of course you want glamour! And this you will get by the subtle use of mascara and eye shadow. There are many excellent mascaras on the market, again from your five-and-tens up to department stores. Generally speaking, black is the color to use, if you are in doubt. However, it is my opinion that extreme blondes look lovelier with brown, especially those of the golden skin type. Blue is also very effective for evening, especially with light eyes that you would like to have appear more blue, such as grey, grey-green, etc. By the way, there is a new mascara that you might want to try. This is the House of Westmore Mascara, which has just been added to the other popular House of Westmore preparations. The Westmore Brothers have used this same type for years in making-up the famous stars of Hollywood. Every effort has been made to guard against smarting or irritation if it accidentally gets in your eyes, and many a star has gone into heavy emotional scenes of tears with no tell-tale marks from mascara. It doesn't flake or run. Let me add, readers, that I have used it with great success under a hot sun and with humidity high, yet every lash seemed to retain a natural and unimpaired effect. I think you will like it as much as I do, and the price is a pleasant surprise.

A few simple precautions will enable you to get better results from any mascara. Keep your brush clean. Wash it thoroughly after each application. Strong flow of water from a faucet does this. Experiment a little to find out just how damp your brush should be for the brand you use. Some work better with less water than others. Literally brush every lash as you apply. By that I mean, brush on very carefully with an upward movement on upper lashes—never move the brush across them. This will make them clog and stick together, anything but attractive. Some eyes look better with a slight application beneath, and these are usually the eyes of blondes where the under lashes do not show. But use slightly here, and use a downward motion in just the direction the lashes grow. If any gets on the skin, remove promptly with a damp cloth or cotton before it dries.

Recently, there came to my desk a product that I think all of us who use mascara have long wanted. This is Camille Mascara Remover, which you will find in your five-and-tens for a song. The Remover, a clear liquid, guaranteed harmless and non-injurious, is accompanied by a little pad of tissues, convenient for carrying in your bag if you wish. Thus, you can in comfort and in a jiffy renew mascara when necessary. Formerly, in case eye beauty had to be renewed, it meant a complete washing or creaming of the



Fisherman Dorothy Lamour gets her tackle ready to go sailboat fishing before starting work on "Moon Over Burma."

ace, a feat not always convenient to chieve. Now, you can redo your eyes as onveniently as you can remove and re-lace your lipstick. This Mascara Re-nover will also take off eyebrow pencil r shadow in a jiffy and helps to keep hat tender skin about the eyes soft and smooth. You simply apply a few drops f the Mascara Remover to a tissue and gently wipe over the lashes or eye area.

The use of eye shadow seems to be increasing, and I think that the subtle use of color over the lids is a lovely touch. You can achieve many artistic illusions, too. Applied to the inner corners, it will appear to bring too widely spaced eyes together. Applied in fan-shape at the outer corners, it appears to separate too closely spaced eyes. If the space between lid and brow is too wide, you can tone it down and make it appear less prominent by using shadow here. Brown or grey-blue, according to your skin or eye coloring, is better for this than the more dramatic tones. Practically all of the different brands of shadow are good. They are really a cream base with coloring, and your choice here can be largely guided by your color preference.

Take care of your eyes. They are your best friends in a practical way and one of your surest allures for attention and admiration. Watch yourself for expression faults, such as squinting and frowning. These habits put lines in your face and detract from the charm of your glance. If you have the lovely, luminous, sad eyes of Loretta Young, practice smiling whenever the moment warrants. There is charm in contrast between sad eyes and a laughing mouth. Look frankly at others when you talk with them. Don't let your eyes wander. This gives an impression that you are not interested. *P. S.: Reader, even if you aren't, don't let others know it.* If you have merry eyes, like Deanna Durbin, then you are fortunate. They make others think you are a happy person, and the happy person is always popular. If your eyes are dreamy and languorous, like Hedy Lamarr's, then don't overplay this role. Contrast in appearance and personality is always fascinating, especially to men. It offers the element of surprise.

Every eye has some point of charm. Try to find your own. It may be color, shape, expression or even contrast with the rest of your face. That balanced brow I spoke of earlier will do much to increase the appeal of your face. Keep a natural line as much as possible, but "dress it up" to fullest advantage. Use make-up if it improves you—and it will improve almost everyone. Watch your expression and how you use your eyes. Your effort here must go toward the frank, friendly and happy and animated trend. The coy look, the goo-goo eyes, and a great rolling of orbs frankly belong on the comedy screen or stage. They have no place today in a stream-lined world. The purpose of your eyes is to permit you to see all and to allow others to see just a little bit of the inner you. Eyes are, indeed, the windows of your soul. So keep them clear and shining.

Pictures on the Fire!

[Continued from page 57]

"Come up and see me sometime," I murmur vaguely.

"What the deuce are you talking about?" Bob demands, but I am already on my way to another set—a picture called "Gold Rush Maisie" starring Ann Sothern.

* * *

I BARGE on the set and there sits Ann in overalls with her face coated with oil, to resemble sweat.

"Hiya, toots," I beam, but Ann only gives me a dismal look.

"I've been swinging a pick for two days and it weighs at least 100 pounds," she explains woefully.

"Well, what are you kicking about?" I demand. "When you finish being a miner you'll at least be brawny enough to handle Roger (*her husband*)."

"Roger!" she echoes weakly. "I'll be able to handle Man Mountain Dean—if I live through this."

They are on the process stage, so I can't tell you about the scene. Neither can I tell you about "Strike Up The Band" which stars Mickey Rooney and Judy Garland or "Escape," which stars Nazimova and La Shearer as both of them are just starting and the sets are closed.

There being naught else of interest at M-G-M, we proceed to—

Paramount

THERE are four pictures shooting here, but two of them—"Rhythm on the River," starring Bing Crosby and Mary Martin, and "Victory," starring Fredric March with Betty Field—will have to wait until next month because none of the principals are working today.

"Dancing on a Dime" is being directed by one of my favorites—Joseph Santley—with a cast of newcomers over whom Joe waxes most enthusiastic. The leads are being played by Grace MacDonald, who is not only beautiful, but who dances like a dream, and Lillian Cornell, who is not only beautiful, but who sings like a thrush.

Today they are staging a futuristic ensemble number called "Debutante Number One." Grace is a picture in a pale pink net dress with a tight fitting bodice and a bouffant skirt and Lillian is a vision in a silver metal dress. All the others are wearing masks, even the news photographers. The music is mighty tuneful in this opus, too.

* * *

SO WE leave Joe and proceed to "Comin' Round the Mountain," in which Mr. Robbin Burns makes his last appearance under the Paramount banner.

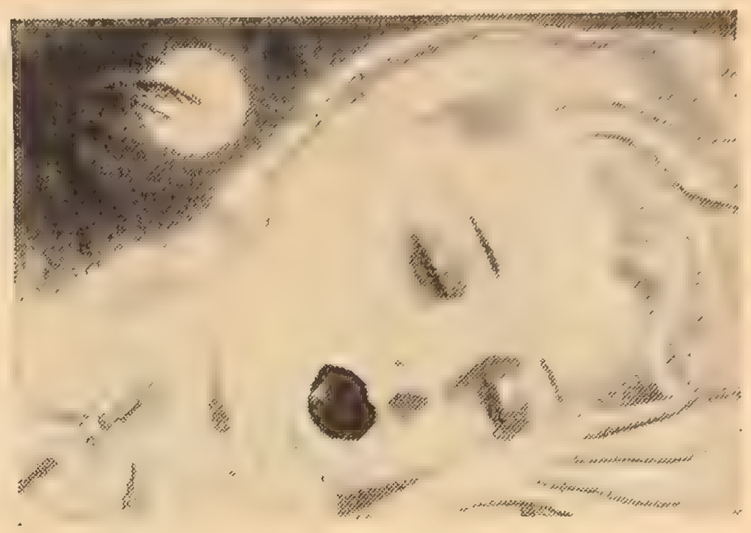
"Does he play his bazooka in this?" I anxiously inquire of the director.

"Oh, yes," he exclaims eagerly, "and when he isn't playing it we use it for part of a still."

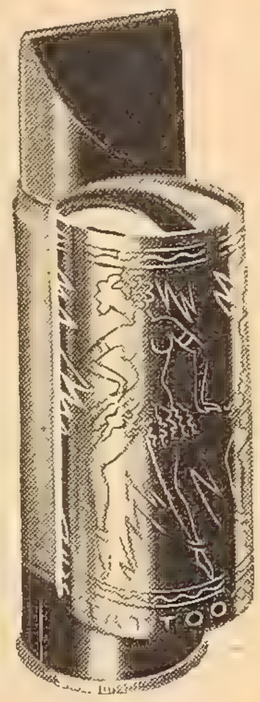
"A still is a very fitting place for it," I remark sourly. "The stiller the better." Then I start looking around and

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catch my breath. If I didn't know I was in Hollywood I'd swear I was way up in the Ozarks somewhere—or the Blue Ridge Mountains. I've never seen such types anywhere else. And the make-up man is actually combing the hayseeds out of one old settler's beard.

They're having an election. All those who can write do so. The ones who can't are offered their choice of making a mark or shooting at the ballot which is hung up overhead. Effie Tillsbury, who is really eighty, takes her place in the line.

"Writin' or shootin', gramma?" asks the man in charge of the election.

"Shootin'," says Effie briefly. The man proffers her a rifle, but she brushes it aside. "Brought my own," she explains, drops her apron, whips two six shooters out of side pockets in her dress and starts blazing away at the ballot. And I mean she drills enough holes in that thing to elect her candidate six times over. These mountaineers are funny people and I decide I'd better leave before one of them doesn't like the way my hair has receded.

There are two pictures at R-K-O, but they are both on location so we'll skip them this month and jog on to—

Warner Brothers

PLENTY doing here, too, but some of these pictures will likewise have to carry over until next month—"The Man from Fleet Street," starring Edward G. Robinson with Edna Best and Albert Basserman, and "No Time For Comedy," starring James Stewart with Razz Russell, and "They Drive By Night," starring George Raft, Ida Lupino, Ann Sheridan and Humphrey Bogart. But there are still plenty left.

There's "River's End," starring Dennis Morgan, who gets better with every picture. He plays a dual role in this one—a Northwest mountie, who gets killed, and a man who looks like him and who is under suspicion for murder. He is in the courtroom on trial and has just been sentenced to death. As the deputies are leading him from the courtroom, he pretends to faint and as they relax their hold he jerks loose, dives out of a second story window, jumps on a horse and escapes.

It's an exciting scene, let me tell you, and I hold my breath as Mr. Morgan leaps through the window. However, I relax when I learn that the set department has dug a hole in the floor outside the window and padded the bottom profusely. Actually Dennis drops less than six feet, but it sure looks like the McCoy when he takes that dive.

"Hey, Dennis," I grin, "do you think after this picture you'll have enough experience to play with Priscilla Lane?"

Priscilla refused to do this picture and it came out in the paper that her reason was she considered Dennis too inexperienced to work with.

"She didn't say that," Dennis assures me solemnly. "I'm really sorry for her, because everyone is jumping on her about it. I think she felt worse about it than I did when I read it. She called me up as soon as she saw the paper and said she didn't care what people thought of her, but she didn't want me to think she wouldn't work with me and that she hoped when this mix-up was straightened out we could do a picture together."

Any other actor would have laughed about it and let me go on thinking Priscilla's success was going to her head, but not Dennis. I guess that's one of the reasons everyone in Hollywood is pulling so hard for him.

* * *

NEXT we come to "The Man Who Talked Too Much." George Brent has been a very successful district attorney until he gets a conviction on a man who is electrocuted and then found to have been innocent. George says he would rather see a hundred guilty men go free than one innocent man killed, so he resigns and opens a law office of his own. Things aren't going so well until he meets Richard Barthelmess, head of an underworld gang, who engages Brent as his mouthpiece.

Dick and his henchman (Alan Baxter) *are in Brent's office, along with Brent's secretary* (Virginia Bruce) *when George's kid brother* (William Lundigan) *comes in from winning his first case.*

"Good boy, Johnny," George greets him. "I want you to meet a couple of friends of mine—J. B. Roscoe (Barthelmess) *and Joe Garland* (Baxter). *Mr. Roscoe," Brent goes on to explain, "is a financial expert, and Joe runs a collection agency."*

"You see, Johnny," Dick elaborates, "me and Joe didn't stay in college long enough to get our degrees—but we manage to keep the home fires burning."

It's good to see Dick working again. Here he is back on the same lot where he was once the brightest star of them all. Only now, instead of playing a juvenile with a twisted smile, he plays an underworld character with a twisted conscience.

"Hullo," says a soft voice and I look around to find Virginia standing beside me.

"Hullo," I rejoin. "How you doin'?"

She smiles wryly. "Here I am back in a 'who-dunit'."

"Ginny," I console her, "you'll just have to reconcile yourself to the fact that every picture can't be a 'Flight Angels'."

She laughs, because while "Flight Angels" is good entertainment, it is an unpretentious little program picture that affords her, personally, little opportunity to do anything except look beautiful. I think Virginia is not satisfied just to decorate a picture and draw down a big salary. Down in her heart, I believe she still hopes some day to find a part such as she told me about once years ago when, with my rare discernment, I wrote that she was better than seventy-five percent of the actresses on the screen and, at the time, she couldn't seem to get even a job in Hollywood.

* * *

THE last picture on this lot is "My Love Came Back," which stars Olivia de Havilland, with Charles Winninger, Jeffrey Lynn, Eddie Albert and Jane Wyman prominently present.

Today, they're making close-ups of Olivia playing a violin. When she got this part she thought she was to play either a painter or a sculptress, both of which

she can do very well. But they changed her to a violinist and she couldn't even play a scale if her life depended on it. The magic of the movies! The camera is focused on Libby with a bow in one hand, fiddling away for dear life—and that's what you'll see. But the hand that fingers the frets is not hers. They have a specially constructed violin with an elongated neck. The hand that caresses the frets belongs to another lady who is crouched down behind a screen and who is never seen at all!

"Gee!" I enthuse when they call "cut," "you sure pick up things quickly. Why, when I left town seven weeks ago no one even suspected you and Jimmie Stewart even knew each other. And now look."

"On your way, boy," Libby laughs, "and don't get personal."

So I laugh, too, and am on my way to—

20th Century-Fox

THREE pictures in the making here. First, there's "The Girl from Avenue A" (*adapted from an old play, "The Brat"*), which stars Jane Withers.

And here is Jane in a beautiful garden dressed in a long skirt with a train and a waist with leg-o'-mutton sleeves such as they wore at the turn of the century. And her hair in a pompadour! She is whimsically regarding Ran Brooke who is seated on the edge of a lily pond, holding his head in his hands.

"I guess you don't feel like talkin', huh?" she guesses when her greeting elicits small response.

"I don't feel like doing anything," he admits.

"'Cause you was drunk last night?" she guesses.

"Partly."

"What else?" she insists.

"Aw—I'm just no good," he tells her bitterly.

He gets to his feet, very youthful and sincere in his distress. As he walks slowly around the pond, Jane follows him balancing herself on the coping of the pool, like a tight-rope walker. "I wouldn't never say that about myself," she encourages him quickly. "First place, I wouldn't believe it and if I did believe it I wouldn't admit it. I think you're—all right—because if you was no good you'd think you was poifect. You see what I mean?"

Then the scene is finished and I'm shaking hands with Jane and her mother and feeling like Methuselah when I look at Jane, because it seems only a few years ago that she was in very short skirts and was only seven. And now her hair is done up in a pompadour. It doesn't make any difference that it's only for the picture. It's upsetting, that's what it is.

And it doesn't help matters when, in a very grown-up manner, she says cordially, "You must come out and see our home since we've finished the alterations. You remember the last time you were there we were just starting to knock out walls."

* * *

I THANK her profusely for the invitation and journey on. The next picture is "Public Deb No. 1," which has to do with Elsa Maxwell, George Murphy, Mischa Auer, Charles Ruggles, Ralph Bellamy and Brenda Joyce. The scene they are doing is utterly unimportant—it is merely a shot of a couple of gents getting out of a taxi—so there is no use describing it. But I wish I could describe Mr. Gregory Ratoff directing it. I have tried on numerous other occasions to describe Mr. Ratoff, but it just cannot be done. If ever a person had to be seen to be appreciated it is the one and only Gregory and, thank God, he is one celebrity who cannot be imitated.

* * *

CURIOUSLY, the last picture over here features his wife, Eugenie Leontovich, in a re-make of "Four Sons," which was one of the greatest tear jerkers of all time. Probably, few of you remember it—but I do. I remember a little, old lady named Margaret Mann who played the mother and whose work tore your heart out. She zoomed to stardom at sixty and was given a "five year contract at $10,000 a year." The papers were full of her. The old Fox company hadn't another picture ready for her right away so they started her off on her new contract with a vacation without pay. She went back to Scotland on a visit to her sister whom she hadn't seen in twenty years. When she returned to Hollywood the first six months of her five year contract had passed and her option came up. It was not picked up and out of a five year contract which netted the studio reams and reams of free publicity she got four and a half months' pay. She has not been heard from since, but if ever I met a woman who diffused dignity and charm that woman was Margaret Mann.

All of this has nothing to do with the present version, which of course, has had the plot changed beyond recognition. In fact, it's a new story with an old title. Miss Leontovich is playing the mother and Mary Beth Hughes is the ingenue—the wife of one of the sons. One of the sons (*Don Ameche*) has accidentally killed his brother—a Nazi (*her husband*) and she has just learned about it. She is about to have her big scene with Leontovich.

"Get her hysterical, boys," Director Archie Mayo urges his assistants.

Mary Beth knows he's kidding. "Do you want tears for the rehearsal?" she asks.

"I want anything that'll wake you up," Archie responds.

"I *am* awake," she retorts indignantly.

"Oh," Archie grins. "I heard you had another part waiting for you after this picture and you'd got pretty upstage about it."

They got into the scene then and I want to tell you you could have heard a pin drop on that stage. For once there was not even a whisper during rehearsal. Leontovich plays with a tigerish intensity the mother who hides and defends one son, because she knows his capture won't bring back the other one, and Miss Hughes plays the widowed young wife and mother with an hysteria that not many of our younger actresses could match.

"Gosh, Archie," I whisper when it is over.

There is one other studio yet to be covered. It is—



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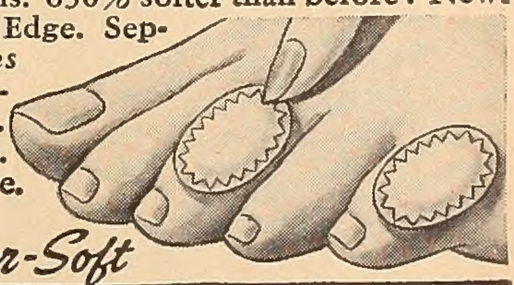
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United Artists

HERE Walter Wanger is making "The Long Voyage Home," and Edward Small is filming "South of Pago-Pago."

The former is adapted from four of Eugene O'Neill's one act plays. On a long voyage, the tramp steamer battles a storm during which the cable of the starboard anchor slips and the anchor bangs viciously against the ship's side. The cargo is dynamite and high explosives, bound for the war zone. In attempting to secure it, Ward Bond is knocked to the deck by the waves and smashed against an obstruction. So here we are, down in the hold, watching him die.

This, too, is a tense scene and the way these men play it it's a little too realistic for comfort. I'm not sorry when it's over and I can make my way to—

* * *

"SOUTH of Pago-Pago." This one stars Jon Hall whom you may remember for his superb performance in "The Hurricane," two or three years ago. Since then he has been noted chiefly for marrying Frances Langford. I don't mean that as a dirty crack, either, for he has had no opportunity to distinguish himself for anything else since then.

Whew! What a story and *what* a cast Mr. Small has for this picture. It is too complicated to go into, but Frances Farmer (*who also makes her return to pictures in this one*) finds herself on a South Sea Island. Jon is the son of the chief and is engaged to Olympe Bradna, a native. From the moment he sets eyes on Frances, however, everything else is forgotten. They are about to be married when something happens that wakens Frances to a realization of a lot of things she couldn't or wouldn't understand before. She sees that she is robbing Jon and Olympe of a chance for real happiness. So, as she sees Jon coming up the walk, and knows he is within earshot, she turns to Olympe with whom she has been quarreling.

"Don't let Kehane and me worry you," she laughs stridently.

"But you love him," Olympe protests uncomprehendingly.

Frances slouches into her characteristic pose. "Love? Me?" she says harshly. "Why, you don't think Kehane means anything to me?" *Jon pauses just outside the door listening as Frances continues: "I thought it was funny—the way he came when I whistled. I was just playin' with him. After all, I'm a* white *woman."*

Jon bursts into the room and Frances glances up pretending surprise. "Oh," she murmurs indifferently, "it's you. Well, you know now, listeners never hear any good of themselves."

"Take what belongs to you—and go," Jon whispers, fingering the murderous weapon in his hands.

"You mean—the honeymoon is over?" Frances laughs.

"Go—while you can," he warns her, then turns on his heel and leaves.

As he goes Frances watches him, walks to the bed and sinks down heavily. "Well, that's that."

Olympe stares at her, then timidly goes to her. "I am a woman," she says huskily after a long moment. "I understand what you did. You made *him hate you."*

"Did I, kid?" Frances asks, turning and reaching out to pat Olympe's arm. She looks down at her sarong and the lei of flowers about her neck. Her eyes grow a little misty, but she is still trying to smile as she lifts the lei from about her neck, holds it for an instant and then drops it around Olympe's neck. "I guess if I was a real Manoan—I'd say—"May all your days with Kehane be as beautiful as these flowers but—" shrugging again—"bein' me, I'll just say, 'Here's luck, kid'."

And may I join her and say, "Until next month—here's luck, kids."

Virtue Is Still Its Own Reward

[Continued from page 35]

Marco dancer Myrna Williams changed her name to Loy and became a south sea siren at the direct instance of Natacha Rambova, who was then Mrs. Rudolph Valentino, and thus a person of consequence in the movie colony. Miss Rambova was a mystic in the full sense of the word. She looked at life through a purplish haze of incense, and she was apparently of a mind that all women should be garbed in long, flowing white garments that swished as they ambled along. At least, so she conceived disciple Myrna Williams, and after changing the disciple's name, Miss Rambova's makeup men plucked Myrna's eyebrows and stretched her eyes, so that to all intents and purposes she looked like a Chinese Hedy Lamarr.

Thereafter, Miss Loy engaged in more South Seas romantic skullduggery than Sadie Thompson in "Rain." In fact, in any photo finish, Sadie would have finished a bad second. Miss Loy focused all of her malevolent charms on English remittance men, happily married plantation superintendents and any other males who happened to be cast adrift in the South Seas, and what she did was a caution. She loved 'em and left 'em and if she left a trail of broken hearts and disrupted hearths behind her, that was none of her affair.

Then, at the very peak of her seductive career, Miss Loy was struck down, not by the Hays office—not by indignant wives—but by the miracle of sound. To Myrna, sound wasn't exactly a miracle. Rather it was a body blow, because when talking pictures came in, she passed out. The reason was fairly simple: Myrna couldn't invent dialects to go with her South Sea siren characterizations. It was one thing to be a Javanese Peggy Hopkins Joyce in



The twosome of Margaret Lindsay and Bill Lundigan is definitely serious.

silent pictures, where she only had to LOOK like a Javanese Peggy Joyce. It was quite another thing to talk like a Javanese Peggy Joyce, and sound pictures insisted that characters had to talk. Myrna tried, a gibberish of pig-Latin, but it was no dice. Sound made the movies; it threatened to unmake Myrna. The half-caste charmer succumbed to progress. She was muted by sound, oddly, and studios were too busy installing sound equipment to catch up to the Warner Brothers to pay much attention to her.

It wasn't until 1932 that M-G-M, seized with one of those sudden bursts of inspired thinking that make movie history, decided to take a chance and give Myrna a fat part in "Animal Kingdom." That was the picture that really returned her to pictures, and since 1932, her star has been steadily in the ascendancy.

Then along came "Thin Man" and the partnership with William Powell that rocked the country in praise of a new comedy team. The erstwhile siren was here revealed as the perfect wife, and the characterization fitted like a glove. She looked the part, she acted the part—she WAS the perfect wife, a sophisticated sort of perfect wife with a grand sense of humor.

It's an unusual finish for a siren, but Hollywood truth being stranger than fiction, there you are—or rather there she is, and she likes it.

In the first national movie King and Queen poll conducted by the Chicago Tribune-News Syndicate, Miss Loy and Clark Gable won, and it devolved upon me to present the crowns to them on the Metro "Good News" radio program. After the afternoon rehearsal of the radio show, they sent out for coffee and while we waited for the boy to bring it back, I sat with Myrna on the stage of the El Capitan Theatre and talked about this and that: "This is astounding," she said. "Here we are, directly across the street from Grauman's Chinese Theatre, where I used to dance for a living in a Fanchon and Marco unit. Now I'm going to be crowned Movie Queen of the world. It is absolutely unbelievable."

In the forecourt of the Grauman Chinese Theatre, when Myrna implanted her footprints, she scrawled a message: "To Sid Grauman—who gave me my first job." The story of Myrna Loy, who started on Hollywood Boulevard thirteen years ago, is surely one of the most exciting sagas of Santa Claus Lane, because the girl from Helena, Montana, who went to school with Gary Cooper, has accomplished what every other girl in the country dreams of accomplishing some day, some how.

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